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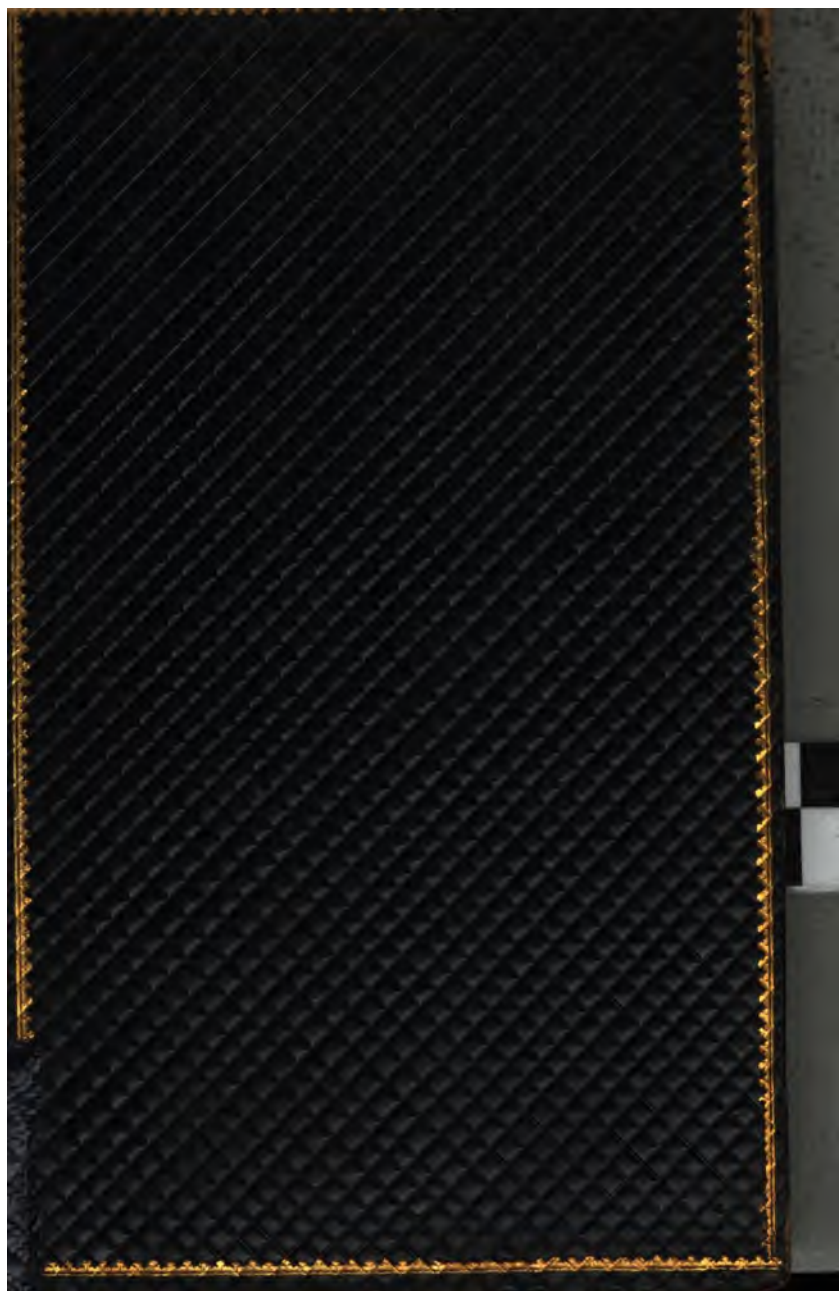
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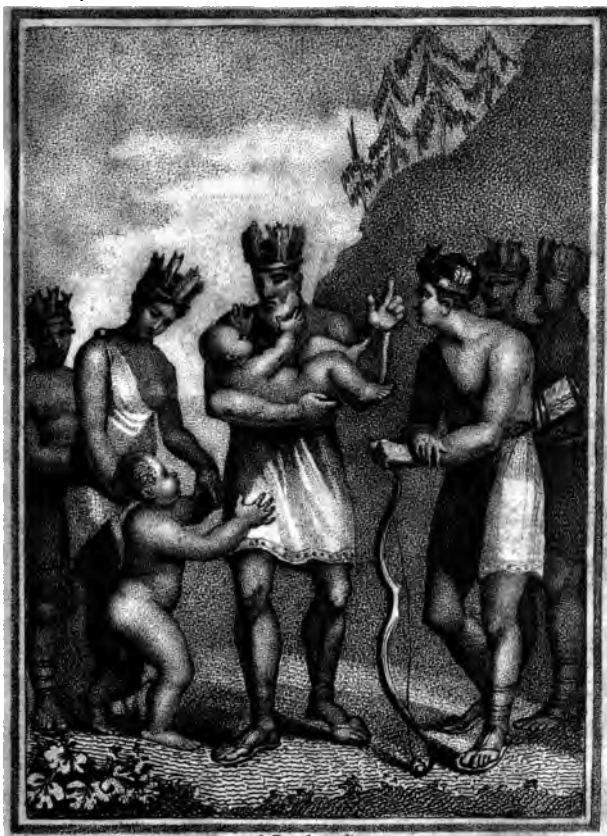


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G. Brock sculp.

*"Child, thou art come into this world to suffer,
but degrade not thy sorrows by weakness. —
Endure, be patient, and all shall be well."*

See Vol. I. Epig. 108. line 12

THE
FRUITS OF REFLECTION;
OR,
MORAL REMEMBRANCES
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

DESIGNED FOR THE PERUSAL OF YOUTH.

By ELIZABETH HELME,
AUTHOR OF
THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, OF SCOTLAND, AND ROME,
AS RELATED BY A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN;
INSTRUCTIVE RAMBLES, &c. &c.

*"The first Years of Man must make provision for the last... He that never
thinks can never be wise."*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

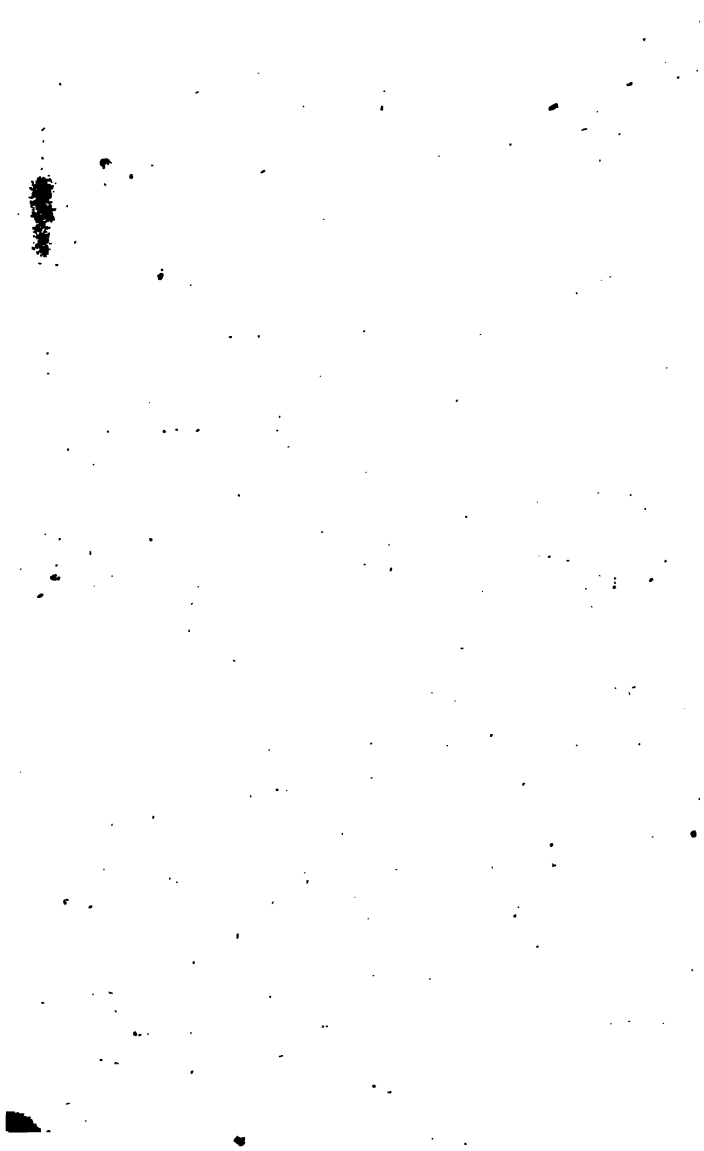
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1809.

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DEDICATION.

**TO
MISS FINCH,
AND
MISS CHARLOTTE FINCH.**

LADIES,

AS example is ever better than precept, you, I am convinced, need no written memorial to instil those duties I have endeavoured to inculcate. But as the experienced mariner does not disdain the meanest beacon that warns him of rocks and quicksands; neither will you, I know, throw from you the weakest
a tribute.

tribute which holds out a warning of danger.

That you both may pass through life with health and happiness, at once blessing and blessed, is the sincere and ardent wish of,

LADIES,

With respect,

Your most obliged,

Obedient humble Servant,

ELIZABETH HELME.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I can neither offer the following work to my Juvenile Readers, as entirely original (though the greater part is so), nor as perfect compilation, as from my youth I have been so well acquainted with the writings of many of our Moral Authors, that they are imprinted on my memory; and, if I may be permitted to use the expression, have interwoven with my language and improved my ideas.

Those pages that treat on the Sea, the Air, and the Mountains, are in great part remembrances from the *Spectacle de la Nature*; for the rest, as nearly as I can
a 2 recollect,

recollect, I owe them to *Tillotson, Hervey, Watts, Johnson*, and many others whom I cannot now particularize, but whose names I have quoted in the work whenever I could recal them to my memory.

Many of the Essays are entirely original ; and though they doubtless fall short of those which possess the greater advantages I have mentioned, yet the design is the same,—to inculcate truth, universal love, charity, and the mild doctrine of Christian virtue.

Thus I present to my Juvenile Readers a wreath of rudely plucked flowers, produced from the seeds sown in my early youth ; and from which I can claim no merit, but in the design,—memory having supplied the place of genius.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

	PAGE
<i>On Solitude,</i>	1
<i>On various Duties,</i>	5
<i>On Charity,</i>	19
<i>On Gaming,</i>	26
<i>On Health,</i>	23
<i>On Ridicule,</i>	36

On

	PAGE
<i>On Frugality</i> ,.....	41
<i>On Resignation</i> , ...	46
<i>On Pleasure</i> ,.....	55
<i>On the superiority of Christianity</i> <i>over Moral Philosophy</i> , ...	62
<i>On Morning and Sun-rise</i> , ...	69
<i>On Morning Duty.—Man</i> , ...	73
<i>On Night</i> , ...	76
<i>On the Sea</i> , ...	81
<i>On the Air</i> , ...	85
<i>On Mountains</i> , ...	95
<i>On Fire</i> , ...	111
<i>On Youth and Beauty</i> , ...	113

On

CONTENTS.

xi.

PAGE

On Falsehood and Liars, ... 116

*On Instructing the Poor and
Ignorant, ...* 120

On Reading and Study in general, ... 127

On Anger, ... 133

On Dreams, ... 139

On false and true Greatness and

Affectation, ... 142

On Adversity, ... 147

On Friendship, ... 151

On Modesty.—The Contrast, ... 156

On Fear, ... 162

On the Morality of the Ancients, ... 167

On

PAGE

On Ambition, ... 182

On Courage, ... 189

On Avarice and Prodigality, . . 201

On Industry and Prudence, . . . 208

THE
FRUITS OF REFLECTION.

ON SOLITUDE.

TO a mind intent on study and improvement, solitude has charms more engaging than all the gaieties of public life. Every intrusive avocation is secluded, the strife of tongues is banished, and idle conversation does not beguile our thoughts. Here, without interruption we may commune with our own hearts, and

VOL. I.

B

learn

learn that best of sciences—to know ourselves. Here we may review our errors undisturbed, endeavour to amend them, rectify the evil impressions we have received, and expel the poison of pernicious example. Vain images and buzzing importunity are excluded, and we see things unembellished and in their natural colours; whereas, in the world our worthy resolutions are for ever shaken if not overthrown. Some favourite vanity again beguiles us, and the great work of amendment is protracted from day to day; till at length death snatches his victim with all his follies on his head.

In commending solitude it is not necessary for young people to estrange themselves from their families and friends and become hermits; but surely they can find some time daily in the quiet of their chambers, alone, to examine their own hearts,
and

and consider their actions, motives, and consequences. When a person cannot bear this investigation it is a certain sign there is something wrong, and nothing can be more dreadful than to be necessitated to fly from our own reflections. In such cases, however painful the retrospection, let it be made; consider your errors in all their deformity, for though you may conceal them from man, you cannot hide them from your Heavenly Father. Do not only consider them, but endeavour all in your power to repent them, and in return you will find that there are few higher gratifications than that of reflecting on surmounted evils; 'tis true that you perhaps cannot retract their consequences, but if they serve as beacons to warn you from such dangers in future, they will surely be useful.

There is no greater happiness on earth than to be able to look back on a life use-

fully and virtuously employed—to trace our progress through this vale of sorrow and temptation without disgrace or oppression,—to see honour attend our grey hairs,—and to be able to collect from the remembrance of our past hours, not only comfort to support the infirmities of age, but also to secure us future hope.

“ The spirit walks of every day deceas’d;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delights us. If time past,
And time possess’d, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain’d,
Time us’d.—The man who consecrates his hours
By vig’rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.”

YOUNG.

ON

ON VARIOUS DUTIES.

THE duty of parents to their children, is to provide in the best manner they are able for their infancy; to educate them, to correct their faults, and to teach them to love and fear God.—The duty of children to their parents is obedience to all virtuous commands, and observance to the precepts of maturer knowledge; to venture no material step without consulting them, and should age or infirmity overtake them, to return those cares which they themselves received in infancy. To our superiors in age or wisdom we owe respect, to our equals politeness and atten-

tion, and to our inferiors kindness and humanity.

The king owes to his subjects the duty of ruling with equity, and of considering himself their general father.—The subject owes to his king obedience, assistance, and affection.—The mechanic owes to his employer justice and attention.—The master owes to his domestic the benefit of virtuous example and good counsel; while the servant, on his part, owes to his master a careful attention to his welfare, and frugality in the property intrusted to his care.

Among other duties, there is none more weighty than that which a Christian minister owes his flock; for his is a sacred trust, the care of their everlasting happiness.—To guard and advise them against errors and dangers, to warn and reprove their vices, to lead the repentant sinner back

back to the paths of rectitude and peace,
and to stand forth the undaunted cham-
pion of his Creator, against the daring and
profligate sinner.

“ ————The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow’rs)
Must stand acknowledg’d while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue’s cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As Angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He ’stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand’rer, binds the broken heart;
And arm’d himself in panoply complete
Of Heav’nly temper, furnishes with arms,
Bright as his own, and trains by ev’ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God’s elect.”

COWPER.

Neither is the duty of a minister alone confined to the pulpit. In large towns indeed, he cannot inspect the conduct of the whole of his parishioners; but the vices of distinguished persons are usually known, and demand the interference of the pastor, as they communicate bad example to those beneath them, who perhaps, from want of education, poverty, or other causes, gratify their errors at the expence of ruin here and hereafter. The minister who fears to offend the great more than his God is unworthy his high office, which is a trust superior to all human grandeur.

Of noble firmness, we have in this case a distinguished example in the conduct of Dr. Burnet, who scandalized at the licentious manners of King Charles the second, did not scruple to write to him; and to render the impression yet stronger, dated and sent his letter on the anniversary of
the

the death of his father, Charles the first. As some of my young readers may be gratified to hear what a worthy minister would *dare* say to a great king, I shall subjoin the letter.

“ 29th of January, 1679—80.

“ May it please your Majesty,

“ I have not presumed to
 “ trouble your Majesty for some months,
 “ not having any thing worthy your time
 “ to offer; and now I choose rather this
 “ way, since the infinite duty I owe you
 “ puts me under restraints in discourse
 “ which I cannot so easily overcome.

“ What I shall now suggest to your Ma-
 “ jesty, I do as in the presence of Almighty
 “ God, to whom I must give an account

B. 5

“ of

“ of all my actions; I therefore beg you
 “ will be graciously pleased to accept this
 “ most faithful zeal of your poor subject,
 “ who has no other design in it than your
 “ good, and the discharge of his own
 “ conscience.

“ There is one thing, and indeed
 “ the only thing, in which all honest
 “ men agree, as that which can easily
 “ extricate you out of all your troubles;
 “ —it is not the change of a minister,
 “ or of a council, a new alliance, or a
 “ session of parliament,—but it is, (and
 “ suffer me to speak it with more than
 “ ordinary earnestness) a change in your
 “ own heart, and in your course of life.
 “ And now, Sir, if you do not throw this
 “ paper from you, permit me, with all the
 “ humility of a subject prostrate at your
 “ feet, to tell you that all the distrust your
 “ people have of you, all the necessities
 “ you

“ you are now under, all the indignation
 “ of Heaven that is now upon you, and
 “ appears in the defeating all your councils,
 “ flow from this—that you have not feared
 “ nor served God, but have given yourself
 “ up to so many sinful pleasures.

“ Your Majesty may perhaps justly
 “ think, that many of those that oppose
 “ you have no regard for religion; but
 “ the body of your people consider it
 “ more than you can imagine. I do
 “ not desire your Majesty to put on
 “ an hypocritical shew of religion, as
 “ Henry the Third of France did,
 “ hoping thereby to have weathered the
 “ storms of those times. No! that would
 “ be soon seen through; and as it would
 “ provoke God more, so it would increase
 “ jealousies.—No! Sir, it must be real, and
 “ the evidence of it signal;—all those
 “ about you who are the occasions of sin
 “ must

“ must be removed, and your court be
 “ reformed..

“ Sir, if you will turn to religion
 “ seriously and sincerely, you will quickly
 “ find a serene joy of another nature possess
 “ your mind, than what arises from gross
 “ pleasures. God would be at peace with
 “ you, and direct and bless your councils;
 “ all good men would presently turn to
 “ you, and ill men would be ashamed and
 “ have a thin party. For I speak it know-
 “ ingly, there is nothing has so alienated
 “ the body of your people from you, as
 “ what they have heard of your life, which
 “ disposes them to give an easy belief to all
 “ other scandalous reports. Sir, this
 “ council is almost as necessary for your
 “ affairs, as it is for your soul: and though
 “ you have highly offended that God, who
 “ has been infinitely merciful to you, in
 “ preserving you at Worcester fight, and
 “ during

“ during your long exile, and who brought
 “ you back so miraculously, yet he is still
 “ good and gracious, and will, upon your
 “ sincere repentance and change of life,
 “ pardon all your sins, and receive you into
 “ his favour.

“ Oh, Sir, what if you should die in the
 “ midst of all your sins? At the great
 “ tribunal, where you must appear, there
 “ will be no regard to the crown you now
 “ wear; it will but aggravate your pu-
 “ nishment, that being in so eminent a
 “ station, you have so much dishonoured
 “ God. Sir, I hope you believe there is
 “ a God, and a life to come, and that sin
 “ shall not pass unpunished.

“ If your Majesty will reflect upon your
 “ having been now twenty years upon the
 “ throne, and in all that time, how little
 “ you have glorified God, how much you
 “ have

" have provoked him, and that your ill
 " example has drawn so many after you to
 " sin, that men are not now ashamed of
 " their vices, you cannot but think that
 " God is offended with you; and if you
 " consider how ill your councils at home,
 " and your wars abroad have succeeded,
 " and how much you have lost the hearts
 " of your people, you may reasonably
 " conclude this is of God, who will not
 " turn his anger from you, till you turn to
 " him with your whole heart.

" I am no enthusiast either in opinion
 " or temper, yet I acknowledge I have
 " been so pressed in my mind to make this
 " address to you, that I could have no ease
 " till I did it; and since you were pleased
 " to direct me to send you, through the
 " hands of Mr. Chiffinæ, such informa-
 " tion as I thought fit to convey to you, I
 " hope.

“ hope your Majesty will not be offended;
 “ if I have made this use of that liberty.

“ I am sure I have no other design in
 “ it but your good; for I know very well;
 “ this is not the method to serve any ends
 “ of my own. I therefore throw myself at
 “ your feet, and once more, in the name of
 “ God, whose servant I am, do most hum-
 “ bly beseech your Majesty to consider of
 “ what I have written, and not to despise it
 “ for the meanness of the person who has
 “ sent it, but to apply yourself to religion in
 “ earnest; and I dare assure you of many
 “ blessings, both temporal and spiritual in
 “ this life, and of eternal glory in the life
 “ to come.

“ But if you will go on in your sins, the
 “ judgments of God will most probably
 “ pursue you in this life, so that you may
 “ be a proverb to after ages, and after this
 “ life.

“ life you will be for ever miserable; and I
 “ your poor subject that now am, shall be
 “ a witness against you in the great day,
 “ that I gave you this free and faithful
 “ warning.

“ Sir, no person alive knows that I have
 “ written to you to this purpose; and I
 “ chose this evening, hoping that your
 “ exercise to-morrow may put you into a
 “ disposition to weigh it more carefully.—
 “ I hope your Majesty will not be offended
 “ at this sincere expression of my duty to
 “ you, for I durst not have ventured on it
 “ if I had not thought myself bound to it,
 “ both by the duty I owe to God, and that
 “ which will ever oblige me to be, may it
 “ please your Majesty,

“ &c. &c. &c.”

If we may judge by this letter, Dr. Burnet was a faithful minister, according to the second epistle of Peter, 7th, 8th, and 9th verses :—

“ For a bishop must be blameless as
 “ the steward of God, not self willed, not
 “ soon angry, not given to wine, no
 “ striker, not given to filthy lucre.

“ But a lover of hospitality, a lover of
 “ good men, sober, just, holy, temperate.

“ Holding fast the faithful word as he
 “ has been taught, that he may be able,
 “ by sound doctrine, both to exhort and
 “ convince the gainsayers.”

The duty of observance and obedience to ministers is also strongly recommended in various parts of the Holy Scriptures, and that both may be enabled to fulfil these important claims must be
 the

the wish and prayer of every reflecting mind; for then, on the great day of account, shall the pastor yield up his charge worthily executed, and the flock, following the steps of their leader, enter the paths of peace and happiness.

“ Where Seraphs gather immortality
 On life's fair tree fast by the throne of God:
 What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
 In his full beam, and ripen for the just!
 Where momentary ages are no more!
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
 And is it in the flight of threescore years
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?
 A soul immortal; spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
 At ought this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.”

YOUNG.

ON.

ON CHARITY.

“ **THOUGH** I speak with
“ the tongues of men and of Angels, and
“ have not charity, I am become as sound-
“ ing brass or as a tinkling cymbal.

“ And though I have the gift of pro-
“ phecy and understand all mysteries, and
“ all knowledge; and though I have all
“ faith, so that I could remove mountains,
“ and have not charity, I am nothing.

“ And though I bestow all my goods
“ to feed the poor, and though I give my
body;

“ body to be burned, and have not charity,
 “ it profiteth me nothing.”

Such are the eloquent words of St. Paul, in the xiiiith chapter of the first of Corinthians, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd verses, after which he enters into an explication of the word charity, and demonstrates that there is no christian virtue to which more duties are affixed.

The voice of nature at all times calls aloud on the benevolent heart to act as steward to its fellow creatures perishing through sickness, imprisonment, cold, hunger, or nakedness. St. Paul extends the meaning of charity yet farther, for he calls upon us to beware of envy, vain glory, and pride; to behave with meekness, to avoid anger and iniquity, to rejoice only in the truth, to bear all mortal calamities, to hope all things and to endure

dure all things, for charity never faileth—though prophecies shall fail, tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away.

Strangers and pilgrims on the earth, charity requires that we consider the whole human race as descended from one common parent, and that virtue alone is the praiseworthy distinction ; for in the tomb, the body of the king and the beggar return alike to dust, and before the great and awful judgment seat of God, shall alike receive the reward of their good and evil deeds.

Universal love reigns in Heaven, and our Creator requires this love of all his offspring, as indispensably necessary to render them worthy of him ; for in the love of God and of his creatures, is comprehended the whole duty and happiness of man. Supply then the necessities of
life

life in your own state, and extend the overflowing bounties of Heaven bestowed on you, on your fellow creatures. Beware of the depraved and artificial wants of society, for they extinguish the genuine sentiments of humanity and virtue, and render us regardless of the exalted precepts of the gospel:—A good man is always more happy in what he gives than what he keeps; for he lays up for himself a treasure, which neither moths, nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal,—a treasure beyond all price, and whose interest can never be sufficiently estimated.

Our blessed Redeemer assures us, that when he shall come in his glory to judge the world, he will consider every act of love and mercy extended to our fellow creatures, as done to himself; and such is the power, the persuasion, the goodness, the greatness of his words and language,
that

that I shall offer them to the most serious consideration of my young friends, trusting that they may make a deep and lasting impression on their hearts.

“ Then shall the king say to those on
“ his right hand,—come, ye blessed of my
“ father, inherit the kingdom prepared
“ for you from the foundation of the world.
“ For I was an hungered and ye gave me
“ meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me
“ drink, I was a stranger and you took me
“ in, naked and ye cloathed me.—I was
“ sick and ye visited me, I was in prison
“ and ye came to me.”

“ Then shall the righteous answer him,
“ saying, — “ Lord, when saw we thee
“ an hungred and fed thee ?—or thirsty
“ and gave thee drink ?—When saw we
“ thee a stranger and took thee in, or
“ naked

“ naked and cloathed thee?—or when saw
 “ we thee in prison and came unto thee?”

“ And the king shall answer and say
 “ unto them,—“ Verily, I say unto you,
 “ insomuch as ye have done it to the
 “ least of these my brethren, ye have done
 “ it unto me.”

Let us then in this world do all the good we can. Old age, infancy, sickness, and peculiar distress, have undoubtedly the first claims, for on the youthful and strong, God hath in a great measure bestowed a power to supply their own wants ; though in some instances the demand upon them may be greater than they can fulfil, in which case they become objects worthy our attention, and the smallest assistance may sometimes enable them to extend their endeavours to support life, and in their turn
 to

to repay to their suffering fellows, that bounty they have before received.

If the gracious and benevolent eye of our great and immortal Creator, marks even the fall of a sparrow, shall the mortal worms he hath created overlook the sufferings of their fellow sinners, against his express commands? surely not, though he is merciful, he is just, and as our thoughts and deeds are open before him, no action will lose its reward—for wisdom and justice will settle the account of each individual according to its true desert.

ON GAMING.

THE stars of night disappear, the watchman, half asleep, cries "*Past five o'clock!*" the labouring mechanics are hastening to their daily avocations; fashion, weary with pleasure, has just retired to rest, while the wise man walks to the neighbouring fields, to see the sun rise, and to admire the wisdom and bounty of his Creator.

The busy hum of men begins to pervade the city; the tavern door uncloses, and the sound of discordant mirth, mingled

gled with execrations, strike upon the wounded ear.

Mark!—some one rushes out—his face is haggard, his hair dishevelled, his lips livid, his eyes sunken, but wildly glaring in their sockets.—His hands are clenched, the cold drops of perspiration stream down his forehead, which in spite of the damp without seems to contain a raging volcano within.

He walks quick—he stops short.—Hark! how he grinds his teeth—'tis the gnash of despair.—How fearfully his eyes are cast towards Heaven—he stamps upon the earth, he strikes his breast, and forces from it the deadly groan of anguish.—What can he mean?—Who can he be, thus desolate, wretched, and abandoned?—Alas! 'tis a Gamester.—

“Wretch! monster! villain!” he exclaims, “where canst thou fly from the sight of a virtuous and ruined wife and smiling children, whom thy infernal vices have deprived of bread?—How often have I seen her drop the tear of silent anguish over her babes, as she contemplated my infatuated folly!—Her grief now bursts out—tears no longer relieve her swelling heart.—She wrings her hands, she tears her hair, a burning fever rages in her veins; the fire of distraction is in her eyes, she calls the hour accursed in which she pledged to me her maiden vows.—Nature can no more!—her reason returns, her children cling around her, she weeps over them—she bequeaths them to her Heavenly Father—prays for her murderer—and expires.”

After a dreadful pause, during which his labouring bosom appeared scarcely able
to

to contain his throbbing heart, he continued,—“See my devoted children, they hold out their little hands for bread, at the doors of those houses which should have been their own—happy if they can obtain a mouldy crust.—The dogs bark at them—the servants spurn them—unsheltered and desolate they seek refuge within the dens of infamy.—They forget their sainted mother’s precepts, ‘the sins of the father are visited upon the children,’ they lead a life of infamy, and die a death of disgrace.”

As he spoke he again rushed forward, his clenched hands struck his forehead—he hastened from the haunts of men, and took the most unfrequented paths. A piece of water stopped his progress—he lingered on the banks—he laughed wildly, the pallid hue of his complexion had given way to a convulsive black—he covered his

eyes with his agitated hands, polluted the name of God with his lips, and completed his sinful career by rushing uncalled into eternity.

I have dwelt thus long on this frightful picture, as I could wish it to make a deep and lasting impression. Gaming is an infatuation of so dangerous a nature, that the utmost care should be taken to repel its advances. It brings on families ruin, disgrace, and death; in women it absorbs all the gentler passions of the soul, makes them regardless of all domestic duty, dead to the claims of affection, and daring and impious to their Creator. Spadille is dearer to them than their husbands, and the knave than their children;—a skilful and fortunate game is the height of their bliss, and a run of bad cards the climax of their despair.

Deluded

Deluded and infatuated daughters of dissipation awake—listen to the call of religion and nature!—and you, my young friends, fly the destructive power of pernicious example—'tis a gilded bait in appearance, but conceals a vulture which will prey on the heart. The smallest step may lead you too far, and once entered into the delusive path, retreat becomes daily more and more difficult.

That rich men should play deep affords matter of astonishment to the reflective mind.—They can have but two incentives—the despicable passion of avarice, or the insignificant plea of want of amusement. Few will acknowledge the first cause, yet surely the second is equally culpable. No man is amused by losing his money, and what heart must he possess who, wealthy himself, seeks to increase his store by the plunder of another?—

If *this is amusement*, surely 'tis that of fiends, who rejoice in betraying deluded sinners——

“ Into bottomless perdition, there to dwell

“ In adamantine chains and penal fire.”

MILTON.

Let sorrow, let pain, let the derisions of the wicked fall upon us, sooner than we suffer ourselves to be enriched or amused by such means.—Never, Oh, never, may the sins or sorrows of our brother mortals rest upon our heads!—Sufficient to us at our great account will be the weight of our own.

ON

ON HEALTH.

TO eat moderately of plain and wholesome food, to take proper exercise, to retire early to rest, and to rise the same—to observe cleanliness in our persons, and to abstain from anger or dangerous amusements, are the best means to preserve health, which is the greatest blessing of life.

Look round the world and you will see hundreds of disfigured persons, some with protuberant backs, some with crooked legs, and various other distortions ; — some are

C 5

blind,

blind, others dumb, and what is yet more dreadful, some are idiots.

When such misfortunes meet your sight, return thanks to God that your body is healthy and clear from defects,—with compassion sooth the sufferings of your brother mortal, and by kindness convince him that you arrogate no pride to yourself in being more happily formed than he is.

If man makes use of his reason, he cannot conceal from himself the important truth that he is the peculiar object of his Creator's care, as it is evident he has granted him benefits beyond all other creatures, that he watches over him with paternal tenderness, and is ever extending his bounty in his favour throughout the whole order of the creation.

If

If it be thus, my young friends, what a glorious reflection is ours, that we can claim the protection of a father who rules the whole universe, covers the face of the earth with all necessities for our use, and even framed the ~~Heavens~~ for the reception of his children.

ON

ON RIDICULE.

YE admirers of ridicule and fun, what have ye gained by your efforts, except contempt, disdain, and hatred. Can any of you produce one single instance, where those ebullitions have procured you either affection, esteem, or respect?—Surely no! for they rend asunder the ties of friendship, and spread dissention and animosity. They never extend the olive branch of peace, but appear a perpetual challenge of defiance.—Wit, chastened by understanding and good nature, is indeed pleasant; but without these
palliatives

palliatives may be compared to a caustic, which corrodes wherever it touches.

Ridicule is ever the offspring of ill-nature, for no one would wish to render those they truly love ridiculous; on the other hand, to exert so paltry a propensity against those indifferent to us, must be the effect of mere malevolence. To use it publicly against our superiors we dare not, it must, therefore, be gratified by our becoming tyrants to our equals or inferiors; who, however they may appear to parry the strokes of malice, yet, believe me, sink too deep ever to be forgotten.

Fun, as it is called, appears so vulgar a propensity, that, if possible, it sinks yet lower in the eye of reason. It is the wit of a drayman, or the clumsy efforts of a cow boy; which we consider with pity if harmless,

maining at the head of the army, ordered his losses to be made good, and his family to be supported at the public expence.

The elder Cato, returning consul from Spain, sold his horse, to save the money it would have cost to bring him back by sea into Italy, and being Governor of Sardinia, paid all his visits on foot, attended only by one officer, who carried his robe and his censor for sacrifices; usually carrying him mail himself. He never wore a robe that cost above ten crowns, and allowed but tenpence a day for the support of his family and household.

Scipio *Æmilianus*, after receiving the honour of two triumphs, and being twice consul, went on an embassy with only seven attendants in his train. The poet, Homer, though blind, was only attended by a boy. Plato, the philosopher, had three.

three servants; Zeno, founder of the sect of stoics had none; and Tiberius Gracchus, though accounted the most distinguished man in Rome, was only allowed about the value of fivepence halfpenny a day when he was minister for public affairs.

Though these examples of frugality are recorded of the Romans, yet there are many more of their profusion.—The difference of the value of money must also be remembered.

Frugality is at once a prudent and an honourable virtue, as it enables men not only to be just but frequently generous. It is the friend of temperance, and the direct road to independence. It empowers men to accumulate wealth, and enables the possessors of estates to transfer them to their children undiminished as *they* received them from their ancestors.

I have known many people who have called frugality meanness, and others who have dignified covetousness by the name of frugality. They are, however, totally opposite.—A frugal man lives within his income, and though when he entertains his friends he may not find it necessary to expend a year's income in foreign luxuries, or the produce of the hot-bed, he gives them a hearty welcome and the best fare his fortune will prudently allow. A covetous man, on the contrary, if he has any friends, either has not the spirit to entertain them, or if he does, in so niggardly a manner, that those who possess any affection for him wish that he had not given so public a proof of the meanness of his character.

A frugal man, of moderate property, does not live in a house large enough for the family of a duke, yet it may contain equal comforts, though not superfluities; his

his establishment and his dress suit his fortune, and he has ever the means in his purse to assist his friend or to relieve indigence.

Can ye do as much ye sons of prodigality, "men of unbounded stomach," whose gratifications centre all in the grossest sensualities. — In pity to yourselves desist; — take a lesson from the frugal man, so shall your lives be prolonged, and your memory honoured when dead.

ON

ON RESIGNATION.

WRIGH not the dispensations of Providence in the imperfect balance of human reason, but be resigned to the will of God. Murmur not at the seeming frowns of fortune, nor at the distribution of riches in this imperfect state, for they are continually fluctuating like the waves of the sea, and are dissipated like the morning mist. Remember, judgments are not sent in vain, nor mercies bestowed without commission. The actions of Omnipotence are directed by infinite wisdom which cannot err;—repine not, therefore, at the lot of

of frail mortality, nor consider this life as the whole of existence,—for though your share of worldly goods may be small, comfort yourself with the animating reflection, that piety leads to eternal joys beyond the grave. The most poignant afflictions soon reach their period; the clouds of adversity and darkness are dispelled by religion, which will enable you to overcome all the calamities of frail mortality.

Never imagine temporal things to be permanent;—sudden vicissitudes frequently destroy our most flattering worldly prospects.—Place not, therefore, your happiness on so uncertain a foundation, for 'tis but catching at shadows which will surely elude your grasp.

Life has its spring, its summer, its autumn, and its winter. Many find a passage from the first to the grave; and those
who

who survive both the summer and autumn, must inevitably fall beneath the chilling blasts of winter, when the frozen hand of death will open for them the dreary portals of the tomb. Remember, this is a voyage we all must take, and happy, thrice happy are they who are well prepared for the passage.

The merchant, animated with the hopes of gain, traverses the burning sands of the Arabian deserts, to fetch the choicest productions of the east;—but what are all the golden treasures of Indostan, the pearls of Ormus, or the diamonds of Golconda, when compared with the permanent riches which crown the toils of a Christian?—Who would neglect such glorious prospects because a few boisterous winds and adverse blasts may impede his passage?—Among the various sorrows which attend human nature, there are, perhaps, none
more

more hard to bear than the loss of dutiful and promising children. Even for those who are ungrateful, the paternal heart yearns, for we find David, in the anguish of his spirit, exclaimed,—“ Oh, Absalom, my son ! would that I had died for thee, my son ! ”

Though there are doubtless many great proofs of resignation to such losses, yet as they do not immediately meet our knowledge, I shall exemplify what I have advanced by a letter written to a friend, during the last century, by the Duchess of Somerset, who within a short time had lost both her husband and son ; as it appears to breathe the true spirit of pious resignation :

“ I should have answered
 “ your first letter, my dear Madam, but
 “ that I had unfortunately lost your di-
 VOL. I. D “ rection.

" rection. I am sorry to find that your
 " illness appears rather to increase than
 " diminish; yet the disposition of mind
 " with which you receive this painful dis-
 " pensation, seems to convert your suf-
 " ferings into a blessing, and while you
 " resign yourself to the will of God in so
 " patient a manner, renders this disease
 " only the chastisement of a wise and
 " merciful Being, who chasteneth not for
 " his own pleasure, but for our profit.

" Were I not convinced of this great
 " truth, I fear I must long since have sunk
 " under the burthen of sorrow, with which
 " God saw fit to wean my foolish heart
 " from this vain world, and shew me how
 " little all the grandeur and riches of it
 " avail to happiness. He gave me a son,
 " who promised all that the fondest parents
 " could hope;—an honour to his family,
 " an ornament to his country—with a
 " heart

“ heart early attached to all the duties of
 “ religion and society—with the advantage
 “ of strong and uninterrupted health,
 “ joined to a form, which, when he went
 “ into Italy, made him more generally
 “ known by the name of the English
 “ angel, than by that of his family.

“ I know this account may look like a
 “ mother’s fondness,—perhaps it was too
 “ much so once; but, alas! it now only
 “ serves to shew the uncertainty and frailty
 “ of all human dependance.—This justly
 “ beloved child was snatched from us be-
 “ fore we could hear of his illness;—that
 “ fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him,
 “ at Bologna, and carried him off the
 “ evening of his birth-day, on which he
 “ had completed nineteen years.

“ Two posts before, I had a letter from
 “ him, written with all the life and innocent
 D 2 “ cheerfulness

"chearfulness inherent to his nature;—
 "the next but one came from his afflicted
 "governor, to acquaint his unhappy father
 "that he had lost the most dutiful and
 "best of sons, the pride and hope of his
 "declining age. He bore the stroke like
 "a wise man and a Christian; but never
 "forgot or ceased to sigh for it.

"A long series of pain and infirmity,
 "which was daily gaining ground upon
 "him, shewed me the sword which ap-
 "peared suspended over my head by an
 "almost cobweb thread, long before it
 "dropt.

"As to my bodily pains, I bless God
 "they are by no means insupportable at
 "present. I rather suffer a languid state
 "of weakness, which wastes my flesh and
 "consumes my spirits by a gentle decay,
 "than any frightful suffering; and am
 "spending

" spending that remnant of nature, which
 " was almost exhausted in continued care
 " and anxiety for the sufferings of a person
 " dearer to me than myself.

" My daughter, who is very attentive
 " to me, has sent her youngest son, just
 " turned of four years, to amuse me in my
 " solitude, because he is a favourite of
 " mine, and shews a great deal of his
 " poor uncle's disposition, and some faint
 " likeness of his person.

" It is high time to release you from so
 " long a letter, but there are some subjects
 " on which neither my pen nor tears know
 " how to stop when they begin to flow.

" I am, dear Madam,

" Your sincerely affectionate friend,

" F. SOMERSET."

Endeavour to emulate such examples, my young friends;—engrave the rewards of pious resignation on your memory, and you will assuredly enjoy the consolations they afford, which are superior to all that mortality can offer—as they, even in this world, raise the soul from earth to heaven.

ON

ON PLEASURE.

"Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursued."

CONGREVE.

COME, let us take pleasure, let our hearts dance with joy, let us forget sickness, sorrow, and even mortality; let us fly on the wings of dissipation through the day, and only retire at night when our strength will no longer support us in the vortex of amusement.—Let us spend the morning in visiting, the mid-day in dressing, the afternoon in all the luxurious gratifications of the table, and the evening at the play, the ball, or the opera.

A week thus passed, let us give one hour, in the calm of our chamber, to review this routine of delight, and reflection will represent it nearly as follows:——

“ I am wearied in the morning with visiting people whom I neither love nor respect ; — dressing is tedious, — and, in spite of all the advantages of fashion, I look worse than when in the country, in my most simple habiliments.—Rich dinners oppress my stomach, and, but for shame, I should retire to sleep ; for 'tis with the utmost difficulty I keep myself awake. At the amusements of the evening indeed, I again feel new life, but after midnight, excessive fatigue, head-ache, fever, and sickness overpower me; and with reluctance I submit to be undressed, before I sink into a restless and uneasy, though heavy sleep.”

**Is this the life of a rational creature—
is this the life of a being formed after God's
own image—is this the earthly career of a
soul designed for immortality?**

**For a second week, I conjure you, try
the road to real pleasure.—Rise early, de-
voted your mornings to the service of your
Creator, domestic duties, reading, visiting
those whose counsel may benefit your
youth; take time to dress yourself with
propriety and modesty, according to your
situation in life, but do not dare to waste
hours in decorating your frail and perishable
tenement.**

**At dinner, eat plain and wholesome
food, undisguised by luxury, and unvitiated
by the poison of inflammatory and dan-
gerous sauces. In the evening seek real
amusement either at home or abroad; plea-
sure that will bear the test of reason, and**

which engages the mind without debilitating the body, and from which you can return, and with an approving conscience claim the protection of your Creator, and retire to sleep in peace.

Again I entreat you have recourse to retrospection,—“ My morning was pleasantly spent, I have edified from the experience of age, and my heart has experienced the delight of drying the tear of misery. My dress was not so elegant, nor so highly fashionable as those of some of my companions, but its simplicity appeared to attract approbation from its novelty ;—add to which, I internally enjoy the recollection of having cloathed a family from the retrenchment of my superfluities.—My dinner was plenteous, and I arose refreshed, without the uneasiness of repletion. In the evening the party, whether at home or abroad, was delightful, it was the inter-
course.

course of social friendship, with chastened mirth and cheerfulness, void of offence; and when at length I retired, it was rather from its being my accustomed hour, than from weariness, and because I chose that my first and last duties should be devoted to the great Giver of all good."

Such I judge the life of a rational being—such the road to health, peace, and long life;—or should it be the will of Heaven to shorten its date, at least you will not be found like the foolish virgins in the xxvth chapter of St. Matthew, who on the arrival of the bridegroom, had their lamps untrimmed.—“ Watch therefore, for you “ know neither the day nor the hour when “ the son of man cometh.”

Life, to those who know how to make a proper use of it, is strewed with pleasures of various kinds, which at once gratify the
sense,

sense, improve the understanding, and amend the heart.

True felicity is an enemy to riot; for the bustle of the great world is not the element of happiness, which courts the shade, and the company of a chosen and discerning few, inclosed within which circle, it rests satisfied, and looks beyond the gratification of a tumultuous and senseless multitude.

“Whom call we gay?—That honor has been long.
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
 But save me from the gaiety of those
 Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;

And

And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe."

COWPER.

ON

ON THE
SUPERIORITY OF CHRISTIANITY
OVER MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE author of Christianity, and his disciples, taught a wisdom far above that of philosophy, as they received their knowledge from a fountain of greater purity than ever mere philosophy had recourse to. The lights which they introduced into the world, were immediately drawn from Heaven, and had nothing in common with the vague and frivolous speculations of human understanding; though
among

among ancient authors we frequently find the term of philosophy ascribed to the precepts of the Christian religion, as if such an epithet could advance its value. Many of them, also, have placed our Saviour among the philosophers, either because he was the author of all true wisdom, or because he was skilled in the learning of the Jews, or on account of his teaching publicly in the manner of the philosophers of that period ; yet it need scarcely be observed, that thus to confound his august mission, with the self-delegated attempts of a mere philosopher, is at once unjust and impious.

The same observation may be made respecting the apostles, who were possessed of no learning, and consequently were indebted to the holy spirit for all they taught or wrote. St. Paul was the only one among them who was versed in the learning.

learning of the times; but he solemnly disclaims its assistance, and calls it folly in comparison to the more excellent lights of the gospel.

The morality taught in the gospel of Christ, and enjoined to all Christians as the necessary test of the sincerity of their profession is truly perfect, as it extends itself not only to outward actions but to the most secret thoughts, and engages the heart and affections to the pursuit of real holiness.— Thus Christianity, in respect to the purity of its morals, as well as the efficacy of its doctrines, tends to make the true possessor a new creature. The fruits of this faith is joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, meekness, and temperance; and in short, comprehends such a system of exalted morality as conduces to render the person possessed of them a worthy imitator of the divine original.

Surely

Surely this morality is far superior to that inculcated in the writings of the ancient philosophers. Humility, though in some cases admired, was never considered as a virtue necessary to recommend them to the divine favour ; neither do they acknowledge that they received their mental abilities, or moral virtues from Heaven, but rather considered these qualities as the effects of their own powers. The true Christian, on the contrary, has learnt to acknowledge, that every good and perfect gift is from above,—to be sensible of his own unworthiness,—and to receive the blessings or chastisement bestowed on him through this mortal life with humility and resignation.

Among the ancient moralists forgiveness of injuries, and universal benevolence are never recommended as necessary to form a perfect character, but are the distinguishing

tinguishing duties of the gospel. How nobly are Christians taught to endeavour to subdue the turbulent passions of corrupted nature, when they are recommended to bless those that curse them, to do good to those who hate them, and to pray for those who despitefully use them.

What a generous lesson is this of universal benevolence!—every man is considered as the Christian's neighbour, and as such entitled to the offices of kindness, humanity, and friendship; and as members of one body enjoined to endeavour all in their power to promote the interest of each individual. This benevolence extends to the soul as well as to the body, and comprehends the interest of all mankind as far as possible; and strongly marks the superiority of Christian morality over the dictates of human philosophy.

It

It must be allowed that some shaming precepts of virtue may be collected from the writings of the ancients; but their practices must ever leave a reproach on their morals, as exposing their infants—suicide, —and various other vices destructive to the tenderest affections, and of the most pernicious consequence to society.

In the decline of paganism, the writings of the later moralists appear less liable to objection than the former; the reason is obvious, they connected their philosophy by the scriptures, which was then in their hands, and the purity of the Christian faith became in some measure blended with the heathen morality. No other reason can be assigned why their philosophy was refined about that period, so much above the reach of the greatest writers of former times.

The

The life and actions of our blessed Redeemer, when invested with human nature, are a pattern for his followers to walk by. He practiced what he taught, and gave to men an unspotted example of every thing praiseworthy and holy. On the contrary, many of the heathen philosophers taught the theory but neglected the practice, and disgraced their own orations on virtue by the most flagrant deviations from its precepts.

Christians who have been blessed with a leader whose tenets and example direct them in the paths which guide to life everlasting, cannot be too careful how they deviate from the duties allotted them;—let their actions be regulated by the Gospel, and exhibit a true picture of Christianity to the glory of God and their own future happiness.

ON

ON MORNING AND SUN-RISE.

“Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
 Etherial, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep; and from her native east,
 To journey through the airy gloom began;
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud.———”

MILTON.

MORNING appears a new creation, restoring to our sight the Heavens and the earth, which were before buried in darkness. This creation, if I may so express it, is yet more glorious than the first, for then there were no spectators of its beauty; the earth, indeed, was made, God had prepared the whole, but animals, plants,

plants, and other works with which it was to be adorned were wanting. These appeared succesively, as it pleased the Creator to regulate their beings and assign them a place. The waters of the atmosphere were not yet exalted, those of the sea were not yet condensed and restrained to their proper limits, and the whole earth was without order. At this time no sooner doth darkness disappear, than our eyes behold the earth covered with riches and embellished with various ornaments; the mountains appear crowned with lofty trees, the vallies are overspread with corn, the meadows with herbage, and the rivers regularly meander through the fields, fertilizing the banks which confine them.

Morning, besides restoring the world to our view, affords another benefit of equal value;—man revives from the temporary death of sleep, his understanding returns,
he

he recovers his strength, and his judgment cleared by rest, is fitted for fresh exertion.

While man and domestic animals prepare for the duties and labours of the day, the mournful birds of night fly from the glare of the sun; the rabbits withdraw into their holes, foxes, wolves, and bears skulk into their dens, deer and goats ascend higher on the rocks, and all untamed animals seek refuge from the haunts of men.

Turn from these observations and behold the whole verge of the horizon enriched with a glowing red; the clouds assume lively and varying colours, the borders of which are adorned with fringes more splendid than gold or silver. These beauties momentarily become more glorious;—by degrees we proceed from light to light, until the sun at length bursts upon us in full lustre and majesty.

Behold

Behold then nature's most glorious object, at whose approach all other lights disappear, and the vast luminary spreading his beams over the whole face of the Heavens, dispenses his influence from one end of the earth to the other; revives all that he illuminates, and extends his penetrating power even to those places where his rays can neither be seen or felt, and may be justly called the soul of nature.

ON

ON MORNING DUTY.—MAN.

TO recommend ourselves by prayer to the protection of God, is the first duty; for do not even the birds who are not gifted with the blessing of reason carol their gratitude at the sight of the rising sun?—The cattle rise from their grassy beds, and inhaling the morning breeze low their satisfaction at the renewal of day.—The cock crows and steps proudly forth from his thatched roost, and clapping his wings, welcomes the breaking morn.—Fish quit the soft ooze, and gliding to the surface of the water gasp with delight the

VOL. I. E invigorating

invigorating breeze;—even reptiles, who lie buried during the night in the earth, crawl forth to enjoy the reanimating blessing of light. See the bees, ranging from flower to flower, collecting honey for a winter store.—See the industrious ants, laden with a grain of wheat!—see how they toil!—and shall man, be idle—shall he dare disgrace the image of his great Creator, and defile his immortal soul with sloth!—Surely no! he should collect improvement from every occurring circumstance, and lay up a treasure in his mortal career to insure him everlasting happiness.

How truly doth the psalmist exclaim, “Oh, Lord, I am fearfully and wonderfully made!” Man is distinguished by his walking erect, and by the superiority which reason gives him over the brute creation. Man sees with his eyes, hears with his ears, smells by his nostrils, and is sensible
of

of feeling in every part of his body.—
 Animals do the same, but to man alone
 God hath granted the gift of rational
 speech, and the powers of reflection and
 thought;—and yet more to render his
 gifts beyond all height of praise, he hath
 bestowed on him an immortal soul.

Memory retraces to man what he has
 heard, seen, touched, or tasted, objects of
 pleasure, pain, or dislike. He contemplates
 the sun in its glory, the moon in her re-
 splendent light, the stars in their brightness,
 and the glorious works of God scattered
 around him. This knowledge is not the
 work of the hand, nor even of the head,
 but is the innate spirit of the soul, which
 must endure to all eternity.

ON NIGHT.

NIGHT, by depriving us of the sight and use of natural objects, recalls to our thoughts the original state in which we lay before the creation, and makes us the more readily sensible of the blessings of day. Sleep appears to retrench a part of our lives by depriving us for several hours of all active power. Yet how necessary to man, and how great the amends it affords, for even the wearied labourer rises with renewed health and renovated strength, and whistling, hastens to his daily occupation.

Without

Without rest the springs of the brain would decay, the muscles of the frame would grow languid, our food would remain undigested, and our limbs sink under the weight of our bodies. Rest obviates these evils, and the spirits, which in the day were employed externally, recede to gain fresh strength to support and renovate the whole system.

God has reserved the disposal of sleep to himself, and has made it an agreeable necessity to man, who can neither command it when it is refused, nor refuse it when it is offered.

Night obliges man to quit his avocations, and the deprivation of light obviates impressions that might too powerfully affect his mind,—she introduces a general silence, deprives him of the images of nature, and

plunges both his mental and bodily powers in happy oblivion.

In the gradual approach of night, observe also the wisdom of the directing hand that guides it.—Darkness does not come suddenly nor unexpectedly upon us, at the close of day it creeps gradually on; the husbandman knows when to return from his labour—the traveller retires to his inn, and all are prepared, according to the beautiful words of Young, for the “awful pause of nature.”

Again observe the wisdom of Providence!—while man reposes, his domestic animals and his poultry also sleep;—some beasts, indeed, who from their savage state might be formidable to man, prompt to seek food under the sanction of darkness.—Carniverous animals, as rats, mice, ferrets, &c. also seize the opportunity to clear the
houses.

houses of such filth as might otherwise infect them, and of purloining what is neglected to be perfectly secured.

Dogs are allowed to bark, that their masters may awake when their property is in danger; and all testifies, that though man reposes, the eye of Providence is constantly watchful for his safety.

Though I have spoken of darkness, yet it is not total; the grand canopy of nature is spangled with stars to guide the footsteps of mankind whenever duty, business, or necessity may call them. They also direct the mariner how to steer his vessel to the destined port.

Neither doth the stars alone afford us light; the moon delights our eyes by the softness of her splendor, and every day assumes a different form,—but whether in-

creasing or diminishing, always lends fresh beauties to nature.

How advantageously to mankind hath God joined the different benefits in his works, and that in an uniformity which enhances the value of the whole. The sun serves to order the journies of travellers on land by one revolution in a year, but the moon, by performing the same revolution in twenty-nine days, and regularly changing her figure at every quarter of her course, serves to rule and order the common affairs of civil society, and to mark the regular period of time to man.

“ Look how the floor of Heav’n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold !
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st:
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

SHAKESPEARE,

QN.

ON THE SEA.

THE ocean flows every day six hours successively, from south to north, or at least such diurnal course is but seldom interrupted, and rises sometimes more and sometimes less upon the coast, which is generally called the flux, or the flood.— High water continues about a quarter of an hour, after which it recedes and gradually decreases for six hours; the return of the waters from north to south, and from our coast to the main ocean, is what we call the reflux, or the ebb,—the water then remains stationary for about a quarter

of an hour, after which it again makes towards the land. The floods are governed by the influence of the moon, though naturalists differ respecting the laws of motion, and the action of one celestial body on another; but as inquiries of this nature are foreign to my purpose, I shall decline them, and rest satisfied with the endeavour to point out the great design of the Heavenly architect in this wonderful mechanism, without pretending to account how these operations are performed.

Spring tides, which occur at the full and change of the moon are always highest at the equinox; from them we reap the advantage of being able to convey large vessels from one port to another, by the increase of the waters, and without which we might run aground for want of sufficient depth. Another benefit which we receive is, that the flux and reflux of the waters prevents.

prevents them from corrupting, and by that means from breeding the most infectious vapours, which must otherwise inevitably be produced from their stagnation. The Almighty has, therefore, not even intrusted this care to the wind, which purifies the air around our dwellings, but has thought fit to give us tides; by which all impurities of the earth are conveyed by the rivers into the sea, where they are dispersed, attenuated, and by perpetual agitation thrown upon the surface of the water, from whence rising purified into vapour, they are converted into dews and salutary rains to fertilize the earth...

The saline nature of the sea water, also preserves it from putrefaction, and renders it wholesome and nutritive to those fish whom God created for that element.

From

From these reasons and a thousand others, we may discover how all parts of nature agree to promote the welfare of mankind, and how poor and worthless must that philosophy be, which wholly disregards those gracious ends of Providence; and instead of ascribing the invaluable blessings we receive, to the wisdom of God, and his tender concern for his creatures, either imputes them to undesigning causes, or regards them as the effects of blind and unthinking chance.

ON

ON THE AIR.

THE effects of the air, which are most obvious, are the evaporation of the waters, the winds, the vegetation of plants, and the nutriment of all living creatures. The air is also the vehicle of sounds, smells, and in some sense, of light itself. The winds determine the course, the assemblage, and the separation of the clouds; which descend according to their gravity, and the nature of the air through which they pass, and disperse into mists, mildews, dews, or rain.

If

If in their descent they meet with an air sufficiently cold to congeal them, they are formed into flakes of snow; which partaking of unctuous-matter, volatile salts, and a portion of fire, it necessarily fertilizes the earth on which it falls,—a truth which every farmer can testify.

If a torrent of air impels and dashes the clouds against each other, the water they contain flows on every side in larger or smaller drops, according to the action of the winds, which either drive them perpendicular or in a circular direction, their bulk increasing by incorporation in their fall; for the rain which descends from clouds near the earth is very small, while those drops from more distant clouds are of a greater circumference.

The atmosphere consists of several regions or beds of air expanded one over another,

another, whose dispositions alter according to the various qualities of the winds which act upon them; thus it frequently happens, that the drops of rain which meet as they fall, in some regions, cold enough to congeal them, are hardened into hail-stones of their original size and bulk.

From the particles of fire contained in the clouds, and from the oily sulphureous, nitrous, and combustible particles which the water has carried with it into the upper regions, a train of inflammable matter is formed, from whence proceeds a stream of light commonly called a falling star; and when the stream of light is increased by meeting with other matter of a similar nature, it then forms lightning.

If the stream of fire darts downwards 'tis then termed a thunder-bolt, the effect of which is different according to the action
of

of the wind, on the power of the ingredients of which the flashes are composed.

The air, which is rarefied and dilated by the bursting of the vessicles wherein it was before confined, meeting with that which is pent up by thick clouds impelled by contrary winds, its elastic force bursts through them with a terrible explosion, which we call thunder; the claps and cracks continuing and being repeated in echoes according to the resistance it meets in its passage through the clouds.

Great and tremendous Creator! whose hand guideth the awful thunder, and the raging tempest;—whose power is shewn alike in the mildest zephyrs and in the most outrageous storm!—How do all his works proclaim his might! for they duly perform their respective functions in absolute obedience and submission to his
divine

divine will; and though they have neither speech nor language, yet their voices re-vibrate through all nature.—

“ What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,
In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine !”

Every object that we see is either a display of the divine indulgence, that we may be induced to love God, or a demonstration of his terror, that we may be compelled to fear him.—Hence the awful voice of his thunder, to rouse those out of their lethargy who either abuse, or are insensible of his favour—and though it does not often strike them dead, yet it at least forces them to reflect, and serves as a lesson.

creasing or diminishing, always lends fresh beauties to nature.

How advantageously to mankind hath God joined the different benefits in his works, and that in an uniformity which enhances the value of the whole. The sun serves to order the journies of travellers on land by one revolution in a year, but the moon, by performing the same revolution in twenty-nine days, and regularly changing her figure at every quarter of her course, serves to rule and order the common affairs of civil society, and to mark the regular period of time to man.

"Look how the floor of Heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold !
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

SHAKESPEARE,

QN.

in their passage dissolving and carrying along with them divers particles of their several materials.

These subterranean rivers, if I may so call them, cast up and lodge on each side of their channels, a quantity of inflammable and active materials, which dry one upon another, in proportion as the waters sink and fall away. The least particle of fire added to these by the action of the wind, or any other way kindled, or by means of fermentation, which is common between sulphureous and metallic bodies, likewise inflames the particles of oil which are adjacent, and which also communicating from one stream of sulphur to another, unite at length into one vast body of fire; by the force of which the stony particles are calcined, the mineral particles dissolved, and the air, pent up in these subterraneous caverns being suddenly dilated, with force and

and violence repels the salt-petre, which is the hardest and most unalterable of these inflammable ingredients.

The expansion of the air, and the projection of the salts with which it abounds, are such terrible and powerful agents, that wherever they meet the least resistance, they make the surface of the earth to shake and tremble. They overthrow whole cities, turn the course of rivers, and would spread universal desolation, did not the divine wisdom set bounds to their effects, by opening several vents, or volcanos, at a proper distance from each other, through which the condensed air and inflamed matter which rend the bowels of the earth may have room to discharge their fury, and exhaust their active powers. Thus those very volcanos, which by weak minds are considered as judgments and plagues to those countries where they are found,

found, are in reality placed there by the indulgence of the Almighty, for the welfare and preservation of the inhabitants.

Philosophy deceives us when we entertain the vain hope of forming an adequate idea of the true nature and composition of the glorious works of the creation; nothing but the immediate power of God could give such elastic force to the air,—nothing but Omnipotence could multiply the rays of light to infinity,—nothing but the same Almighty hand could form the elements, assign to each its particular powers, balance those powers in the most exact proportion, and establish that mutual dependance on each other, which is so absolutely necessary for promoting the harmony and regularity of the whole system.

Man, by study, has acquired an adequate idea of the motions of the air, of
fire,

fire, and of light ;—and, by dint of application, has discovered the influence these elements have over us, and how they promote our interest and advantage. Thus far our researches may be made without presumption and no farther ; for the nature of the air and other elements, he who made them, and he only, knows their structure and their essence.—All then that remains for us, is to laud and magnify his holy name who created all these excellent things for our service—to make a proper use of his favours—and to remain contented with that degree of knowledge which he, in his infinite goodness, has thought sufficient for us.

ON

ON MOUNTAINS.

THERE are many who are so insensible as to regard the mountains as blemishes of nature; and as irregular excrescences dispersed up and down the surface of the earth by mere accident, without the least intention of any beneficial effects. How erroneous is this opinion—as not only the animal but the vegetable part of the creation would perish for want of necessary humidity without their assistance; for their summits are appointed by Providence to arrest, as it were, the vappours which float in the regions of air, making the vacant spaces,

spaces, or hollows, between their points, as so many spacious reservoirs for the reception of those thick mists and impetuous rains which descend into them. Thus their bowels are conservatories for our use; and the openings through which the water trickles down their sides, are so placed, that they may fall upon the plains and render them fruitful, instead of returning through subterranean channels to the sea.

There are some lofty mountains, as the Cordilleras, or Andes, in South America, and many others, the tops of which are continually covered with snow. It never rains in those parts of the country which lie near the sea, except near the Equator; but that defect is sufficiently supplied by the dew that falls every night, and so refreshes the earth in the environs, that grass and plants grow in the greatest abundance. The air on the summits of high

high mountains is more keen and bleak in the midst of summer than in our climate in the severest frost; it is, therefore, no wonder that the vapours should congeal and cover them with snow, while those who reside on the declivity, or at the foot of the mountains, enjoy a temperate air.

Among the mountains thus mentioned are to be reckoned the Alps, which lay between France, Italy, and Germany, the Apennines, in Italy, and the Pyrenees which divide France from Spain; the latter are about two hundred miles in length.—Canigou, the highest part of the Pyrenees, measures nine thousand two hundred and twenty-two feet above the level of the sea.

At the foot of these mountains are ever to be found springs, which in many places, however, only run in the heat of summer;

VOL. I.

F

which

which proves that they proceed from the snow, which melting, insinuates itself to a considerable depth in the earth, notwithstanding that the passages through which it winds and turns are not to be discovered.

Having related some of the various advantages we derive from the mountains, I must also add, they are the receptacle or haunts of such animals as are of singular service to us, without the least care or concern on our part;—as the rein-deer, the wild goat, the bear, the fox, and several other animals, which either serve for use, food, or whose skins are converted into furs which serve for traffic, or to clothe the inhabitants of cold regions during the frosts of winter.

The mountains, in more sultry climates, are the favourite retreats of the buffalo, which in many countries are, when taken young,

young, trained to the plough; and whose flesh, when killed, affords excellent beef. The chamois, a species of wild goat, also dwells among the mountains, where it leaps from rock to rock with wonderful agility. The flesh of this animal is wholesome food, and its skin furnishes leather for various purposes, as gloves, and even stockings; being so soft, pliant, and strong, that it will bear washing or cleansing in any manner most convenient.

Mountains also produce many medicinal and salutary simples, which are not to be found in any other situation;—at least they are more perfect, and have more specific virtues, than those of the same kind which are transplanted into the most cultivated gardens. Among the mountain plants and shrubs, we find the juniper, the red flowered fluellin, the betony, marjoram, balm, lavender, and a variety of others too

tedious to mention. Among the trees that embellish the declivities and vallies, are the chesnut, the beech, the larch, the fir, the hawthorn, and numerous others, varying the scene and presenting a different view on every side.

A French writer, describing the Alps, observes, that though some parts exhibit nothing but the most dreary views of sun burnt heaths and barren vallies, others afford the most beautiful prospects. — “Those mountains,” says he, “at a distance appear prodigious and wonderful masses, whose view excite astonishment and admiration, without promising any detail of beauty. Thus those who explore them are agreeably deceived, each instant presenting new views and delightful scenes; —here nature displays its riches, there its horrors,—each step varying the prospect and rapidly passing from one contrast to another.—

another: — Delightful meadows on the banks of a precipice, which also serve as a boundary to a beautiful vineyard, and from the pinnacle of a rock, from whence the prospect is almost unbounded, you may suddenly turn into a valley, where the sky alone discovers and witnesses your being. Here and there, in the most fertile parts, are erected the huts of the inhabitants, which are formed of some pieces of fir, rudely squared, placed at equal distances, and interlaced and interwoven with the thick branches of trees, in which first state the habitation has the appearance of a large basket. This workmanship is afterwards concealed by a coat of loam, and in this manner three sides of the hut are constructed; — the fourth is of stone, on account of the chimney and oven. The top is covered with thatch, — oiled paper supplies the place of glass in the windows, and the doors are all shut by a wooden latch

and a string; such precaution being all that is necessary for those proprietors who have nothing to tempt avarice to steal, and are ever ready to share the little they possess." Continuing the subject, the same author adds,—“The beauties of some of these mountains are innumerable, and cannot be conceived by those who have been accustomed to the dull uniformity of a flat country—or have only seen mountains at a distance, without ever penetrating into their bosoms.

“Figure to yourself, at a considerable height up the mountain, a valley, containing about a hundred acres, terminated on three sides by sharp pinnacles of rock; in the middle a meadow formed into a natural amphitheatre by the ascent of the surrounding fields in every direction, embellished with birth-wort and other plants in blossom, with here and there beautiful clumps.

clumps of fruit trees of various descriptions, surrounding the scattered cottages.

“ Higher up are vast forests of chesnut trees, and at a still greater height, more impenetrable woods of larch and fir, while the extreme points of the mountain are crowned with different layers of snow, the accumulated tribute of ages; and through which, here and there, sharp fragments of grey rock are discoverable, that appear to have been shattered by thunder.

“ The fourth side of the valley is open, and presents the sight with a number of views as amazing as they are variegated; discovering at one glance a prodigious tract of country. At the bottom of the valley several rivulets unite, one of which is formed by a spring, which bubbling out of the earth, takes its course from the knotty root of an ancient oak; another winds

among the tufted juniper trees, and from its serpentine direction one instant meets the sight, and the next is lost among the entangled bushes. — A third precipitates itself from a height of several fathoms, displaying its glassy surface to the sun from which it reflects all the colours of the Iris.

“The rivulets, as before observed, uniting in a hollow, compose one stream, whose varying and gentle course fertilizes and waters the plain; till arriving at the brow of a precipice, it there forms an extensive sheet, and with inconceivable noise suddenly falls into a vast hollow below, filling it with mist and foam.—From thence it again serpentine through a narrow chasm of the mountain, which doubtless its own force hath made,—there its effects are infinite, according to the smoothness of its course or the obstacles which impede its passage — here rapidly running over a smooth,

smooth bottom of pebbles—there retarded by the old trunks of trees, which the giving way of the earth has thrown in its passage; it then collects itself into a bason, from whence escaping over the rocky points, it again divides into unequal cascades.—A little further, a sudden slope carries it with impetuosity to a portion of rock, itself apparently has forced to the spot, and against which it beats and roars, foaming on for a considerable distance, till reaching another declivity it rushes through a wood where it is lost to the sight.

“ Thus the eye at once discovers the pleasing and useful rivulet, and the noisy and destructive torrent,—each step varying the scene and presenting the most striking contrasts.

“ Walking on the plain, the eye is amused and relieved by the red of the

F. 5.

sweet.

sweet broom, the green of the chesnut, the gloomy coloured fir, and the dazzling white of the mountain snow, which from its height contrasts itself with the azure sky. The red-breast hops gaily before you from bush to bush, while the bird of prey skims over the top of the mountain, giving information by his discordant note, that he is on the watch for food;—directed by the sound, the eye at length discovers him, to an almost undistinguishable point.

“ In one spot the harmonious song of the nightingale, or mingled warbling of other birds,—a few steps distant a gloomy silence, or the melancholy accents of the bird of night, who, disturbed by the return of the sun, does not fail to repeat, at regular intervals, two or three mournful and monotonous sounds.

“ Echo

“ Echo frequently repeats at the same time, the bleating of flocks, the barking of the faithful dog, the chorus of some old ballad which the shepherd sings, and the rolling of the distant thunder, awful forerunner of the approaching storm.—While the ear is struck with so many different sounds, the eye discovers the slow pace of the shepherd, attending his sheep, as they feed on the mountain, and the flight of the wild goat, scared by the approach of the vigilant and faithful guardian of the flock. The ferocious wolf is seen at a distance, stealing under covert of the wood; his ears hung, his neck outstretched, his pace cautious, like those despicable cowards, who dare only attack the feeble and defenceless, watching an unwary moment to throw themselves on their prey.

“ Higher, among the snow, bounds the agile chamois — peaceful and harmless animal,

animal, but which is not less pursued, because its spoils are useful, and whose whole race must have been annihilated, had not the most craggy rocks afforded them shelter, and baffled the avarice of their pursuers.

“ There are many other situations, whose contrasted variety might enrich the picture, but which surpass description, or would prolong it to infinity.

“ For example, sometimes while the sun shines in full splendor, the thunder drives the clouds towards a plain on the declivity of the mountain beneath, where they burst into torrents of rain.

“ Early in the evening, in great cities, it is necessary to have recourse to the glare of flambeaus—on the contrary, here the day is much longer; one might almost
imagine

imagine that the sun was disgusted with illuminating spots from whence virtue is banished,—even there the air is a thick unwholesome mass, while here 'tis light, pure, and salutary.”

How frequently do people who travel through uncivilized spots, or even live entirely in the country, complain of dulness, want of society, books, company, or other amusement; yet surely if they would but study the great and instructive book of nature, which is ever before them, they could never want employment,—their curiosity would be gratified, their minds more engaged, and their ideas more enlarged than by the perusal of all the works of the learned. Nature is a most infallible library, it contains no erroneous doctrines, maintains no contradictory opinions, holds no controversial debates, harbours no rancour, but is ever plain and open before us;
and

and if we do but make use of our eyes,
and of the reason which God hath endowed
us with, we may rest assured of having our
pains greatly repaid.

ON

ON FIRE.

WHEN the sun is at the greatest distance from us, in the gloom of night, and chilling cold of winter, we have the use of fire at our command.—Inestimable blessing! without which, how dreary and comfortless would be the life of man! Let us gratefully acknowledge the providence of God, which gave us power over light, by placing oily substances under our direction, by the use of which we form an artificial day, and supply the absence of the sun.

Man,

Man, by being master of fire, is sovereign of all upon earth;—by its power, stones are dissolved, metals liquified, and iron rendered pliant and subservient to his desires. Whenever man forms the intention to protect or destroy, fire presents him with means either to defend his invaded property, or to overthrow towers and castles; to force gates of iron and destroy animals even at a distance from him. Fire, in his skilful hands, illuminates the firmament, revibrates in the air, and echoing in unison from hill to hill proclaims aloud the power of God intrusted to his creatures.— Yet, alas! how frequently does he forget his benefactor's intentions, by prostituting the intended blessing; and admires his own dexterity in the destruction he can spread around him.

ON

ON YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

SHOULD your body be more gracefully formed, your features be more perfect, or your complexion better coloured than those of many of your acquaintance, remember that even the most perfect beauty is of a very short date;—in a few years the bloom vanishes, the lustre decays, wrinkles replace the fascinating dimples of youth, the lily and the rose fade on the cheek, the eye loses its sparkling brilliancy, and the form, once moulded by the most exact symmetry, becomes either clumsy and heavy, or lean and withered.

withered. Pride not yourself on bodily health or strength, but let reason thus dictate,—“ Age will imperceptibly steal on, relax the strongest nerves, and cause declining nature to sink into feebleness and decay ; proclaiming to the contemplative mind, the vanity and instability of all human enjoyments. — Imagination and genius, wit and fancy, the most retentive memory, and the most profound knowledge, alike yield to time ; for the God of nature has affixed a limited period to all the powers, pleasures, and glories of this mortal state. Let us then make no boast of our attainments, but turn our thoughts to those higher objects which lead beyond the grave ;—let us be ready to resign the fallacious grandeur of the world and all its allurements, in the joyful hope of rising into immortality with new powers and glories, and with more elevated talents than those we have resigned :—

——“ Time

————“ Time hastes away,
 Nor is it in our power to bribe its stay.”
 The rolling years with constant motion run,
 Lo! while I speak the present minute's gone, }
 And following hours urge the foregoing on.
 'Tis not thy wealth, 'tis not thy pow'r,
 'Tis not thy piety can thee secure;
 They're all too feeble to withstand
 Grey hairs, approaching age, and thy avoidless end.”

OLDEHAM.

ON

ON FALSEHOOD AND LIARS.

THE vice of lying is frequently palliated in the polite world by the name of fibbing—telling stories—and many other softened appellations, merely to avoid the harsh term of lying—and liar. The crime appears so odious, that, in the opinion of the writer, language has but few words gross enough to express its culpability. In comparative degrees of offences, lying has been held less atrocious than murder;—but may not falsehood even lead to that last and most fatal instance of all human depravity?—Locks and bolts may
secure

secure us from thieves, but what security can we find against a false and lying tongue? Truly doth the psalmist express, "that the poison of adders is under their tongues,"—a poison not only destructive to their own souls, but frequently fatal to the welfare and happiness of others; for the evils of falsehood are often extended and multiplied even much farther than the first fabricators expected or intended. In such cases, where falsehoods involve persons in quarrels, confusion, perhaps ruin or death, on whom will the sin fall?—Surely the justice of God will visit the sin on the instigator!

Lies can never be a jest, for conscience ever revolts against them, even be they what weak minds term harmless or innocent lies; for what is expressly against the command of God, can neither be harmless nor innocent.

Remember

Remember the words of Solomon,—
 “He that speaketh falsely shall perish.—
 Getting treasures by a lying tongue is a
 vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek
 death.—In no wise speak against the
 truth;—be not ashamed to confess thy sins,
 but strive for the truth until death, and
 the Lord shall fight for thee.”

With such a promise as this last, none,
 surely, but fools would lie; for as they
 cannot conceal the truth from God, the
 punishment due to falsehood hangs over
 them.

If you have committed an error then,
 seek not to palliate it by an untruth, but
 rather with candid contrition acknowledge
 your fault, and steadfastly, with the aid
 of your Heavenly Father, resolve not to
 be guilty of a similar offence, lest you
 provoke the Divine vengeance to your
 utter

utter destruction; for remember, that though the anger of man may be great and painful to bear, yet it passeth away and is forgotten—but the anger of the Lord is a flame of fire enduring to all eternity.

ON

ON INSTRUCTING THE POOR AND IGNORANT.

“That charity is best of which the consequences are most extensive.”

AMONG the many praiseworthy charities which have distinguished the past and present century, let not the infant charities, Sunday Schools, or Philanthropic Societies, be forgotten; for they not only preserve the bodies, but, I trust, often lay the foundation stone for eternal happiness. Ignorance is frequently the parent of guilt, and many, doubtless,

err

err from not being early taught the danger of deviating from the paths of rectitude.

Consider, my young friends, as ye hereafter increase in years, how great will be your reward, if, at the expence of a new dress, a necklace, or any other trifle, you can deprive Satan of one soul, and place it in the way of salvation,—root out the seeds of robbery, or perhaps murder, and in their room plant those of honest industry, and thus give to society skilful mechanics, honest labourers, faithful servants, and loyal subjects, instead of idle miscreants, unprincipled vagabonds, or turbulent seditious spirits, who, withheld by no bond, divine or human, ignorantly quarrel with their own happiness, and roar for change, though it should involve themselves in destruction.

Poverty and ignorance are strong temptations to sin ; and how should they who never heard the word of God or the commandments, be able to follow their dictates ?

For the first, second, third, and fourth commandments, how, alas ! should unhappy children keep them, who only know a God by hearing his name blasphemed ?—their greatest repose and enjoyment of the sabbath being to accompany their dissolute parents to a drinking house.

The fifth. — How can they honour parents whose evil example makes them universally shunned by the respectable part of mankind,—for none are so ignorant as not to feel the power of rectitude.

The sixth.—Nature and humanity, indeed, shrink at murder, but the gradations
of

of vice are easy ; and temptation in the way with no check of conscience or tie of religion, what evils may not be dreaded ?

The seventh.—Unprincipled and uninstructed of the heavy penalty affixed to the sin of adultery, they would pass it by without scarcely a thought.

The eighth.—There are few so ignorant but what know stealing to be a crime; but bred under idle and vicious parents, and early initiated into this sin, it daily loses its horror, and can only be withheld by the strong power of the law.

The ninth.—Those who have not been taught the curse attendant on perjury, would have little restraint to bear false witness, unless gifted with very upright hearts ; and might destroy their own souls

without understanding the magnitude of their guilt.

The tenth.—It would be a hard lesson, unsupported by religion, to teach poverty and sloth not to covet riches and ease.—Uninstructed in the way of industry, and ignorant of morality or piety, they can never be expected to keep the tenth commandment.

Dr. Johnson observes,—“To do the best can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient if when opportunities are presented, to be ready to do good.—How little virtue could be practised if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions;—occasions that may never happen, and opportunities that may never be found.”

“Ignorance

"Ignorance is most easily kept in subjection by enlightening the mind with truth.—Men left wholly to their appetites and their instincts, with little sense of moral or religious obligations, and with very faint distinctions of right and wrong, can never be safely employed or confidentially trusted. They can be honest only by obstinacy, and diligent only by compulsion or caprice; some instruction, therefore, is necessary, and much, perhaps, may be dangerous."

Where much is given much will be required, suffer, therefore, the children of wretchedness to pick up the crumbs that fall from your table, or rather, to speak plainly, to be taught as far as possible the paths of piety and knowledge; so that at the great day of account ye may render up the talents entrusted to you with their just and proper interest,—and, in return,

G. 3

receive-

receive the approbation promised in the Holy Gospel:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

ON.

ON READING AND STUDY IN GENERAL.

BY reading we become acquainted with the affairs, actions, and thoughts both of the living and the dead, in the most remote nations, and in the most distant ages. We transfer to ourselves, as it were, the knowledge and improvement of the most learned men, and the wisest and best of mankind.

Another advantage of reading is, that if not satisfied at the first perusal, we may return to the study, and consult the page

G 4.

in

in the quiet of our chamber, and meditate on its merits; for it is by meditation only that we draw various inferences, and establish in our minds the general principles of knowledge, and form our judgment of the truth or falshood, strength or weakness of what others advance or write.

Another advantage of study is, that we may gain not only knowledge but amusement, and momentarily be adding to our intellectual treasure, except only while we sleep; and even then remembrance will often retrace some subjects that have employed us during the day.

A great assistance in study is a learned friend, to whom we can occasionally apply, to explain what may appear obscure to us in the author we are perusing; for instructive conversation unfolds the hidden treasures of knowledge, with which reading
and

and observation have before furnished the mind. New thoughts also are frequently struck out in converse with learned men ; and we enjoy the advantage, at the same time, of unfolding our own opinions, and having their errors confuted, or their merits approved by a just criterion.

Where young people have the advantage of receiving education, and yet remain ignorant, they must either be pitied as wanting intellect, or condemned for sloth. I have known some spoiled children who have declined particular studies, under the pretence of the difficulty that attended the attainment;—let such remember——

“ The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them:—Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.”

Rowe.

Though I recommend study as the foundation of one of the greatest blessings in life, yet I would warn the young students to beware of falling into pedantry, or expressing their opinions in too positive and peremptory a style; as the wisest are occasionally liable to mistake, and time and reflection alone can authorize a decided judgment, which even then may sometimes prove erroneous.

A dogmatical spirit ought to be subdued by every possible means, for it renders even learning disagreeable, and makes its possessor shunned and detested. If you enter into dispute respecting any subject, be careful to keep watch on your passions, that *they* may not enter into the controversy; which they are very apt to do, and rise into rancour and resentment, in which case, the voice of truth and sound judgment, is stifled and lost in noise and clamour.

of **amour**. Anger gains the ascendancy of reason, and a subject which might have been a theme of amusement and improvement, becomes the source of confusion and enmity.

To write correctly, fluently, and fairly, is highly necessary for youth ; for the best or most interesting subject, ill spelt, awkwardly related, blotted, or ill written, loses its effect on the person to whom it is addressed, who probably may not comprehend it, or throw it aside as unworthy perusal.

Speaking ought also to be particularly attended to, as a graceful address, modulation of voice, and correct language, are strong recommendations ; and have such extensive influence over the minds of the hearers, that the orators Cicero and Demosthenes, made the Romans and Athenians believe almost whatever they pleased.

Eloquence

Eloquence renders even error interesting ; and may be compared to a beautiful veil, through which only half the deformity of the object is discovered.

Though I recommend eloquence, yet if you possess it, never let it be exerted but in the cause of truth and justice ; as otherwise it is polluting the gifts of your Creator, and disgracing the cares of those who have cultivated your talents. When you listen to it in others, be not beguiled by a fine voice, or by elegant action, but divesting the subject of the graces of eloquence, consider it attentively, and ever maintain a steady resolution to be the defender of truth in whatever form it may appear.

ON

ON ANGER.

HUMAN nature is so very perverse and corrupt, that malice and revenge usually mingle with our anger, and make us guilty of not only sinning against our neighbour, but against God himself. We should, therefore, carefully guard against this evil, and constantly recal to our memories, the words of the blessed apostle,—“ Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.” Endeavour to govern your passions by the rules of moderation and religion; which will guard you against the effervescence of unrestrained anger, calm
the

the turbulence of rising rage, and restore peace to your wounded spirit.

If you have received an injury, or provoking words have been spoken against you, endeavour to overcome the impression they make on your mind; their effect will decrease daily, and finally fade from your memory, if you do not muse upon them, and swell their enormity by frequent recollection.

Enter not into disputes with tempers that are easily provoked, or with weak, vindictive, or peevish spirits; for in such, the natural disposition will fly out, and blaze with fury on the smallest contradiction.

Anger is a short lived madness, and the voice of truth and reason are stifled by the turbulence of frenzy.—Julius Caesar, it is said, on any violent provocation, before he suffered:

suffered himself to reply, ever took time to repeat the Roman alphabet, by which means he gave himself an opportunity to reflect and mitigate his passion. The delay of a few minutes frequently changes the appearance of objects, and places affronts in a juster and milder view; a word of atonement, or explanation, have often obliterated the offence, and reconciliation has taken place of the rising passions of violence and revenge.

If you love your health, if you value your character among men, and yet more than either, if you regard the word of God, let not the fire of wrath prey upon your spirits;—it will undermine your health, expose you to disgrace, break the quiet of your conscience, and involve you in sin.—Why should you punish yourself because another has injured you?—Or why, if another be wrathful, vindictive, and wicked,

wicked; should you follow the baneful example?

Endeavour then to gain the greatest of all victories—a victory over yourself; for he who rules his own spirit, is a greater hero than he who conquers a city.

Anger about trifles is mean and childish,—ungoverned rage is brutal,—and malice reduces men to the level of devils.

If your heart be inclined to harbour this deadly vice, endeavour to overcome it by prayer; for has not your Creator forgiven you a thousand sins—and shall you, poor worm, refuse to pardon your brother one? If you do not, how can you ever dare to repeat these words; —“Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.”—Surely you cannot presume, for you would not only pollute the words
of

of God with your lips, but sin against your conscience.

In any little dispute that may arise, beware of calling in the assistance of wit, raillery, bitter jests, or ridicule, which are mean signs of triumph, and shew either a want of argument, or of capacity, to defend the part you espouse.

Needless and impertinent curiosity is frequently the source of disputes, and has often laid the foundation of sorrow, anger, and hatred, which have terminated in the most fatal consequences.

An eager desire to know the business of another is highly blamable, and shews at once a weak head and a bad heart, and is usually followed by the deserved punishment of contempt and vexation.

If among the persons with whom you are obliged to associate, you meet with some who possess errors which you can neither amend nor remove, forbear to hate them, for are not their faults a sufficient punishment?—Pity them as you hope for pity, for does not your Heavenly Father permit his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, both on the just and the unjust?

ON

ON DREAMS.

" Many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.
 Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
 Rush forward in the brain and come to mind,
 The nurse's legends are for truth receiv'd,
 And the man dreams, but what the boy believ'd.
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
 The night restores our actions done by day.
 In short the farce of dreams, is of a piece
 Chimeras all, and more absurd or less."

DRYDEN.

FANCY, in sleep, leads the
 mind through a maze of vanity, the head is
 filled with false images, and the mind tan-
 talized with ridiculous misfortunes; yet are
 there

there many characters weak enough to be influenced by them, and interpret their sleeping fancies into representations of their waking duties or occupations. Dreams, as we read in the Holy Scriptures, have undoubtedly been decreed on particular occasions to reveal great and material purposes to men chosen by God; but to explain every sleeping fancy to some ridiculous meaning, is weak and presumptuous.

Parents should be particularly careful that the attendants placed about their children are not infatuated with this folly, which has a most mischievous effect in infancy, by enervating their minds and breaking their spirits; and yet more, laying the foundation of chimerical fancies, which, as they increase in years, mingle with their pursuits, and imbitter their happiness.

Remember.

Remember the words of the Holy Scripture,—“Whoso regardeth dreams, is like him that catcheth at a shadow and followeth after the wind.” — “Dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in them.” — “Divination, soothsaying, and dreams are vain, set not thy heart upon them.”

ON

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ON

La Bruyere, speaking of women, observes:—"The formal lady is all shew and words, but the conduct of the wise woman is better than her words;—the first follows her humour and inclination, the latter her reason and affection.—One is precise and austere, the other mild and properly cautious.—The first hides her failings under a plausible outside, the second covers a rich treasure of virtues under a free and natural behaviour.—Formality puts a constraint on the understanding, but cannot hide defects of body, age, or wrinkles; while on the contrary, wisdom palliates the deformities of person, ennobles the mind, renders youth doubly charming, and age respected and beloved."

The same principle of pride which makes a man treat his inferiors with contempt, will assuredly lead him to stoop to the lowest degradation to those above him.

This

This vice is often founded on the accumulation of riches, or a desire of preferment, which, in his polluted mind, rise above personal merit or sterling virtue. Avaricious souls are as much inflamed by interest and gain, as great souls are fixed by honour and probity, they are sensible of no pleasure but increasing their store, and exacting to the last penny;—their happiness depends entirely upon the rise or fall of stocks,—and callous to all the real blessings of life, they are neither capable of being tender fathers, good husbands, real friends, nor loyal subjects.

The great and beaten roads which lead to riches, dignity, and honour, are industry, noble actions, and unblemished probity;—there are also bye ways, which are called meanness and flattery, and though men may sometimes achieve, through those despicable paths, the sem-

terness, nor let your thoughts dwell upon your misfortunes, but turn to a retrospect of the many blessings you enjoy, the love of God, and the hope of Heaven,—consider these with gratitude, and your heart will still be given to joy.

How frequently does the night close on us in sorrow, and the morn awaken us to pleasure; 'tis not for us to know what is in the womb of time, or why we are afflicted—the wise giver of all good knows what is best for us, and acts accordingly.

“ Say not thou, what is *the cause* that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.”

“ Consider the work of God, for who can make that straight which he has made crooked?”

“ In

“ In the day of prosperity be joyful; but in the day of adversity consider—God hath set the one over against the other.”

Resignation calmed the sorrows of Job in all his calamities,—“ The Lord hath taken away; rapacious hands, and warring elements, were only his instruments, therefore I submit—I adore, I bless his holy name.”

Should you inquire what benefits accrue from affliction—many and precious; they wean us from the world, where, if our paths were for ever strewed with flowers, we should be so enamoured of our present condition as never to wish to change it—and for the paltry enjoyment of a few years be regardless of eternal happiness.

Affliction, with a faithful though harsh voice, rouses us from this delusion, and

warns us to forsake those transitory delights, which will soon fade from before our sight, and prepare for those lasting joys which await the virtuous and patient sufferer.

ON

ON FRIENDSHIP.

IF indeed it be true that there is no friendship among the wicked, of what a blessing are they deprived. A sincere and informed friend appears a solace in all our cares; a post of refuge, where we may repair our shattered powers, and relieve our afflictions by the benefit of counsel and consolation.

A true friend is a duplicate of ourselves, a partner in our joys and sorrows; and unconnected by any tie of blood, becomes a tie of the heart.

When I speak thus of friendship, I do not mean the romantic effervescence of youth; I mean an affection long cemented by similarity of disposition, pursuits, opinions, and kindness—an affection founded neither on power nor beauty, but whose basis is truth, built on the foundation of virtue.

If you have parents, you are already provided with sincere friends; for where can you find any so worthy your confidence as an affectionate father or a tender mother. If Heaven has deprived you of such support, adopt the most estimable person among your acquaintance; one of your own sex, whose age is superior to your's, whose manners are mild, and whose pursuits are pious. To such a one open your heart, lay your difficulties before them, and frankly confess your faults, as you may benefit by their

their experience, and escape sorrow by their counsels.

Romantic friendship among young people is more frequently productive of evil than good; as false honour leads them to conceal each other's faults, and often plunges them in ruin. The experience of age cannot be expected in early years; and trusting to each other's opinions may be likened to the blind leading the blind. An experienced friend, on the contrary, may be compared to a skilful physician, who, though he may probe our wounds, takes the most effectual means towards restoring our health; or rather to an experienced pilot, who guides an agitated vessel through the turbulence of a storm, and steers it, clear of quicksands, into the destined port.

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The world, my young friends, is indeed a troubled ocean, on which the barks of youth and inexperience are frequently tossed till they founder on the rocks of passion, sink in the whirlpool of dissipation, or run aground on the shoals of vanity.— All are equally destructive; and what thanks are not due to the skilful hand who can save the vessel, even though its every joint should be loosened with the storm?— Yet if the main-mast of virtue be preserved, the whole may be repaired by the power of friendship in the harbour of peace.

Shun evil consellers and flatterers, the first your heart must tell you are dreadful enemies; — for the latter, flattery ever bespeaks some sinister purpose. You fear robbers, yet are they not half so dangerous, as their dilapidations go no farther than to rob you of your gold, which, though a present mischief, may be repaired;—but
whither

whither may not smooth tongued flattery beguile you?—it may undermine your principles, and rob you of what can never be regained—peace, probity, and honour.

Trust not in your own strength, be deaf to all solicitations that have not rectitude and prudence for their basis. — Secresy bespeaks guilt, and though at first you may recoil to unveil your heart even to a sincere friend, rise above such weakness; and with sincerity and candour seek counsel from those who may direct you with prudence, and lead you with the hand of wisdom through the perils that ever attend youth and inexperience.

ON

ON MODESTY.—THE CONTRAST.

BEHOLD the young *Clarissa*, whom prudent parents have carefully educated, and whose watchful instructions have been blessed with success;—see her come forth, blooming as the spring, innocent as the dove, and spotless as the lamb,—she has risen with the lark, and supplicated the protection of that power, whose spirits ever guard the virtuous. This first duty paid, she runs to her parents, who rapturously bless her; and her early avocations fulfilled, she walks forth to enjoy the morning breeze.

Dignified.

Dignified modesty graces her person,—her eyes are neither wantonly cast around, nor sheepishly fixed on the earth; no cosmetics daub her complexion, no powder disguises her hair, no studied locks fall in affected negligence about her face, but the natural ringlets of a glossy brown stray on her glowing cheek. Her light figure is modestly cloathed in white drapery, and we discover that she is tall and elegantly shaped; but the form of her limbs is concealed, though no doubt can remain from the gracefulness of every motion, that she is formed with perfect symmetry.

A hand of purest white is discoverable, but fashion has not taught her to make bare her arms;—her shoulders and neck are decently shaded with muslin—but to judge from her face and throat, they might vie with the lilly.

The

The aged as she passes stop to converse with her; she inquires of their health, and if there appears to be need, offers the support of her arm. The notable dames of the village drop her a courtesy and bid her good-morrow, while their sons, with a rustic bow, internally bless her sweet face.

As she proceeds, she attracts the observation of the libertine, who fixes his eyes on her with the rude stare of insolent familiarity and admiration.—A slight blush crosses her cheek, but she passes on with dignified calmness.—Again the libertine draws near, resolved to address her, but the cold repellant eye of modesty abashes him into silence, and taking a last look he bows respectfully and retires. Not so the man of sense, of merit, and virtue; her modesty was never shocked by his rude gaze, but his judgment pointed her out as a jewel, which it was his highest wish to obtain;

obtain; his merit recommended him to her parents, and his virtues recommended him to her own heart.

For a moment let us suppose the contrast. Matilda, naturally giddy and the daughter of gay thoughtless parents, rushes into the world at the height of fashion.—She retires to rest at almost sun-rise, and half asleep, at mid-day saunters to the drawing room—yawns a good-morrow to her parents, and tries to read the news-papers, but her head aches, and her eyes are weak. A few fashionable visits paid or received, the languid automaton begins to rouse, and retires to change her morning slatternly raiment for the transparencies of evening. Matilda is now awake, she has put on all her studied charms and graces, and kissing her hand to her parents, she hastens to the ball room.

Conscious

Conscious of beauty, her eyes look round for admiration; every feature is prepared for conquest, her beautiful complexion is disfigured by art, her person overpowers you with perfumes, and her tresses of light hair are tortured into forms which nature never meant them to bear.— Her graceful figure is cloathed in gauze, through which not only her limbs, but also her every motion is discernible; her alabaster arms are naked to the shoulders, and her bosom exposed to the gaze of folly.— The aged pass her with a sigh, and she passes them without reflecting that some years hence she will be the same. Her inferiors observe her with a grin of derision, and the youthful libertine, from the levity of her appearance, apprehends no rebuff; he addresses her with freedom, she answers him with spirit, and the acquaintance of an hour makes them friends.

Men.

Men of sense and discernment view her with mingled contempt and pity, but shun her society; and flattered and admired by knaves, the refuse of mankind, Matilda had fallen a victim to folly and vanity, had not Providence, in the very hour of danger, mercifully interposed. She caught a cold at a masquerade from the lightness of her dress, and entirely lost the use of her limbs. Reduced to a sick bed, she reflected on her errors, repented, and became not only a prudent woman but a good Christian.

ON FEAR.

FEAR is one of the most deceitful of human frailties, and leads us into a thousand miseries, which, but for its tantalizing power we should never experience; the effects of terror being not only tormenting to ourselves, but also frequently distressing to others.

By giving way to this failing, it daily gains strength, until at length it weakens our faculties, impairs our reason, imbitters every hour of our lives, and intails upon us those very distresses which could never have
disturbed

disturbed us, but from the force of a bewildered imagination.

There are many people who make themselves wretched through a jealousy and distrust of their friends, and weary them with their doubts and ungrateful suspicions, till they in reality alienate their affections. Some from a dread of poverty deprive themselves of necessities, and thus encounter all the evils of real want.

Thousands, from a fear of infectious diseases, have confined themselves at home, till they either lost their health, or by suffering the dread to dwell on their spirits, have engendered the malady they shunned, and died merely from the very fear of dying. Other misfortunes, though they may be great, have their termination; and when attended by a trust in God, and the consolations of hope, are half subdued.

Fear,

Fear, on the contrary, betrays a want of dependance on Providence, and distracts us with ideal sorrows, which may possibly never reach us; and which, should they really happen, renders us incapable of those exertions necessary to extricate us from them.

The wise and settled mind will no more suffer this degrading weakness to perplex it in time of real danger or distress, than to make it miserable with the apprehension of it. Evils ought never to be suffered to affect us before they befall us, as a thousand unforeseen events may happen to prevent them, or at least to lighten their weight;—and we frequently find that things we dreaded as the greatest calamities have been the source of our most happy fortunes, while, on the contrary, seeming prosperity often ends in destruction.

The

The spirit of man is eternally forging evils which *may* happen, and apprehension has the full effect of present misery, as it deprives us of all the blessings of life.—Sorrow is, in truth, the lot of man, and the most noble effort is, to learn to bear it with fortitude.

It is said that the Mexicans have a custom, on the birth of a child, to collect their family around them, when one of the elders holding it in his arms addresses it thus:—"Child, thou art come into this world to suffer, but degrade not thy sorrows by weakness.—Endure, be patient, and all shall be well."—These words, though not understood by the infant, afford an excellent lesson to those of riper years.

If we suffer ourselves to be so violently disturbed by the evils which threaten the body, how much more so ought we to dread
those

those that afflict the mind, which is as superior to the body, as the soul is to either, and what use do we make of our understanding, the inestimable blessing of God if we cloud it with error, ignorance, and false opinions?

A trust in Providence, and a knowledge of our own weakness is the root of wisdom, and though for wise purposes we may suffer afflictions in this world, God hath given us reason to bear them, and to improve them for our benefit; and that our reaping the fruit of exercising this reason here, is a certain proof that our being is not terminated in this life, but that our labour is here, and our reward in Heaven.

ON THE MORALITY OF THE ANCIENTS.

SOCRATES was truly named the founder of moral philosophy ; and his merits while living, and his magnanimity in death, did not fail to impress his tenets on the minds of his fellow citizens.

Writing of him three centuries after his death, Cicero observes, that being convinced that all vain speculations on the objects of nature had no tendency to render mankind more virtuous, Socrates devoted himself solely to the study of morality.

“ He

"He was the first," says that elegant writer, "who brought philosophy down from Heaven, where she had till then been employed in contemplating the course of the stars; he established her in cities, introduced her into families, and directed her inquiries in what concerned the duties, virtues, and vices of private life."

Socrates did not confine his lectures to any particular place; the camp, the forum, the street, the houses of his friends, and even the prison where he endured the greatest hardships, were by him rendered schools of knowledge and virtue. According to his disciple, Zenophon, he never mentioned astronomy, geometry, or any other science, though he perfectly understood them; but confined himself to morality, on which he expatiated with such clearness, eloquence, and wisdom, that he obtained the title of the prince of philosophers.

sophers. He was too judicious to embrace the absurd tenets of the religion that then prevailed in his country; the multitude of Gods they then worshipped provoked his indignation; he opposed that torrent of corruption, but he opposed it in vain, for his enemies, when unable to answer his arguments, had recourse to the civil power, cast him into prison, and condemned him to death. Their cruelties could not shake his firmness; he drank the poison which was ordered for his death, with such serenity of mind, as abundantly demonstrated the absolute empire of his reason over his passions, and the impotent malice of his enemies. Thus the philosopher obtained honour, and rendered his name dear to future ages; while those of his enemies sunk deservedly into the abyss of oblivion.

The actions, sayings, and opinions of
Socrates have been faithfully recorded by

two of the most celebrated of his pupils, Zenophon and Plato, the first of whom established no sect, but was celebrated both as a warrior, an historian, and a philosopher; and the famous retreat of the ten thousand from Cunaxa, in Assyria, when he commanded as general, has rendered his name immortal.

Plato was born 428 years before Christ, he studied under Socrates, and even at a very early age gave the most distinguished proofs of his wisdom and virtue.

Retiring from the confusions which distracted his country (Athens) he travelled to different cities, still pursuing his studies, and at length visited Egypt, which was then famous for learning. There he became acquainted with the priests, from whom it is conjectured he acquired a knowledge

knowledge of the writings of Moses and the Jewish Prophets.

He afterwards visited Italy, and Mount Etna, in Sicily, and meant to have travelled into Persia, but was prevented by the war which then desolated Asia. Having enriched his mind with the learning of different countries, he returned to Athens, where he settled, and gave his lessons to many illustrious disciples.

He taught that there was but one God, the author of all things—that the soul is immortal—that if men divest themselves of vice they will be united to their Creator—that after this life there are rewards for the good and punishments for the wicked—that between the Almighty and man there are various orders of spirits, who are the ministers of the Supreme Being.

He imitated Socrates in regard to morality and politics; that is, he laboured to incline all persons to discharge the duties of the state in which they were placed by Providence.

It would exceed the limits of an essay to enter into his opinions concerning the formation of the world; but he frequently calls matter eternal, though he does not mean that it subsisted visibly from all eternity, but that it subsisted intellectually in the eternal idea of God. Thus he remarks, expressing himself on the subject:—
“The exemplar or model of the world is from all eternity.”—And again he says,
“God considered his work, and finding it perfectly conformable to his idea of the original, rejoiced.”

Plato's observation, that the Omnipotent Being in creating the world only
 executed

executed the idea he had conceived from all eternity, for that the world and all it contains existed intellectually in God, before it really existed in matter, he most probably derived from the writings of Moses. What is said in Genesis, chap. i. of God's approbation of his works as they came from his creating hands, and afterwards of all in general, when he had finished them, might also have supplied him with that sublime idea of the eternal exemplar on which the world was formed.

With regard to the style of Plato it is impossible to imagine any thing more noble and impressive;—yet neither the beauty of the style, nor the elegance of the expression constitute the value of his writings. What is most to be admired in them is, the solidity and greatness of the sentiments, maxims, and principles both in the conduct of life, policy, government, and religion.

Speaking of the government of a city, he observes, that it is not sufficient for the ruler to render it rich, opulent, and powerful,—to extend its dominions into far countries, to support large fleets and armies ready for action;—he should do more,—he should endeavour to render it happy by making it virtuous.

The firmest tie of society is justice, and the foundation of justice is fidelity to engagements, which consists in an inviolable observance of promises. All kinds of fraud and artifice should be banished, as such vices lead to double dealing, dark, malicious, and perfidious purposes.

By what name sufficiently odious can we denominate those who falsify their oaths; which are solemn asseverations made in the presence of the Almighty, who will undoubtedly revenge the abuse of his name.

We

We are not to believe that we were born only for our own gratification—our country, our parents, our friends, nay all mankind have a right to our care and attention, and it is a duty to procure them all the advantages in our power.

“It is allowable in no case,” continues the philosopher, “to return evil for evil—to return injury for injury—to take revenge on our enemies—or to involve them in sorrow or misfortune.”

“All pleasurable objects which do not lead to virtuous purposes, are to be regarded as real evils; yet virtue is neither the fruit of study nor the growth of human wit, but an inestimable blessing conferred by Heaven.”

Plato supposes two men, the one consummately wicked, but wearing the mask

of every virtue; the other a truly good man, who has no thought to seem, but to be really just.

The first, to attain his ends, reckons the greatest crimes as nothing, so he can conceal them from the world; and with a semblance of religion and probity, deceives dim sighted mortals, and succeeds in heaping up riches, honour, esteem and reputation.

The second, a truly good man,—simple, modest, reserved, and withdrawing himself from public notice, is beguiled into disgrace, is blackened with the most odious calumnies, is thrown into prison, and at length is put to death,—which he meets with resignation, rather than forfeit his innocence and integrity.—Is there any one so lost in depravity, as to hesitate which he would choose to resemble?

We

We are surprised to find sentiments so conformable to right, reason, and justice, among pagans;—but we should remember, that notwithstanding the darkness in which they were plunged, the light of eternal truth did not fail of illuminating their minds to a certain degree, for “*the light shineth in darkness.*” It was that light which discovered to them various truths, and the principles of the law of nature;—it was that light wrote it in their hearts, and gave them discernment of many things just and unjust.

In Greece crowds of learned men succeeded each other for four centuries, who employed themselves entirely in the pursuit of truth and wisdom; and, to promote the search, renounced their country, their fortunes, and dearest connections. Can we believe so singular a resolution, and so strongly persevered in, was the effect of

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chance,

chance, and that Providence had no end in it, nor designed it for any wise purpose? 'Tis plain, indeed, that these philosophers were not intended to reform the gross errors of mankind, for not one of them even so much as dreamt of a Mediator; but their precepts were, notwithstanding, of the greatest service, by preventing the inundation of vice,—their inquiries contributed to the preservation of the important doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a Supreme Being. Many of them had excellent maxims in regard to these truths, which Providence had thought proper to reveal to them.

The knowledge of the ancient philosophers and the virtuous actions consequential to it, may be considered in a double point of view, and ought to produce different effects on us. If we consider it as an emanation of that eternal light, which
shineth

shineth even in darkness, it is worthy of our highest esteem and admiration; but if we consider the use made of it by the Pagans, we cannot praise it without reserve and exception, as their most shining actions of savage virtue had their root in pride and self-love. None of the Pagans, who in other respects have laid down very excellent rules of duty between man and man, have made the love of the Supreme Being the fundamental principle of their morality—none have taught the necessity of directing the actions of human probity to him; thus they may be said to have known the branches, but not the stem—the blossom but not the root of moral perfection.

Epictetus, a follower of the stoic philosophy, confined all his merit to suffering evils patiently, and bearing pleasure with moderation. He was at Rome when St.

Paul

Paul made so many converts there, and when Christianity shone out in so much lustre in the unexampled constancy and fortitude of the sufferers who bled to establish their faith. But far from improving from so radiant a light, he blasphemed against the doctrine of the primitive Christians, and the heroic courage of the martyrs.

Yet Epictetus was one of the first moralists of his time, and his sayings are carefully handed down to posterity.—Among them we find the following:—“To be rich does not depend upon thee, but to be happy does. Riches are always fleeting, but the happiness derived from wisdom endures for ever.”

“When thou see'st a viper or a serpent in a box of gold, dost thou esteem it the more; and hast thou not always the same horror

horror on account of its venomous nature? Have the same for a wicked man, though thou see'st him surrounded with honours and riches."

"The sun doth not stay to be implored to impart his light and heat—by his example do all the good thou can'st, without staying till it be asked of thee."

When we read such sentiments from Pagans, our admiration is mingled with pity, and we cannot help lamenting that minds so enlightened with morality should be ignorant of the knowledge of Christianity; but the wise director of the universe arranges all for the best, though our contracted understanding cannot always comprehend his decrees.

ON

ON AMBITION.

——“ Ambition is at distance
 A goodly prospect, tempting to the view ;
 The height delights us, and the mountain-top
 Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n ;
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
 What storms will batter, and what tempests shake us.”

OTWAY.

AMBITION; though implanted
 in our nature for the best and most noble
 purposes, is so liable to be poisoned by an
 intermixture with our other passions, that
 it more frequently becomes a curse than a
 blessing to the generality of mankind.
 One great misfortune of this passion is,
 that

that it finds easy admittance into noble and generous minds; and frequently runs to such excess that it destroys or vitiates all their virtues, and renders them treacherous, hard hearted, and tyrannical.

The height to which an ambitious man aspires is not perhaps within the reach of possibility for him to attain; nay, this appears to be usually the case, for though in the pursuit he gains many honours, many stages of greatness, yet they afford him no pleasure, no gratification, while he has some impossible enterprise in view, which renders him dead and ungrateful for all present good. 'Tis torture for him to see but one man rise above him, though he feels no pleasure from the repeated triumphs over the many whom his superior success has left behind; and to him may justly be applied an excellent aphorism of Senecas,—“ *Ambition has this fault, that*
it

it never looks behind." Could it do so, and make time stop in the full career, and consider that what he sought was beyond his reach, and that his life would be spent in one continued fruitless search, he would endeavour to profit by the real advantages he had received, and with scorn throw the beguiling *Ignis Fatuus* behind him.

Glory and greatness are the two powerful ends of ambition;—in the first case, it is always honourable and often even praiseworthy, but in the last usually pernicious, if not destructive. A very eminent writer has compared ambition to the envenomed shirt which scorched the body of Hercules to a cinder, and surely not inapplicable; for it burns its victim alive, and gives him that impetuous rashness in pursuit of his darling object, that with a loosened rein he gallops over honour, justice,

justice, and probity, should they oppose his passage.

A writer of antiquity has disgraced himself by leaving it on record, that he thought if justice was in any case to be violated, it was to be for the gaining of a kingdom, but that in all other things it was one of the first and most sacred duties. History has given us sufficient proofs of the little regard religion is likely to meet with on those occasions; and we find ambitious princes in all ages, in one part or other of the world, breaking down every barrier which opposes their elevation.

The laws of nature are no more regarded than those of nations; — fathers, brothers, sons, and every other degree of kindred, have been sacrificed to gratify this inordinate passion. The history of our own country among others, furnishes us with

Richard

Richard III. who has been stigmatized even to the present generation for his crimes:— The history of France produces one more recent, at which humanity must ever shudder; and for the eastern nations, power and cruelty are almost synonymous terms. The soul, distempered with this raging passion, forgets its duty not only to Heaven and mankind but also to itself; for the greatness they aim at so beguiles their understanding that it darkens all around, and makes them submit both to dishonour and baseness from those whom they despise, in order to be, in idea, exalted over them.

Ambition is an infatuated folly, and, even in its utmost fruition and success, only seizes a cloud of smoke instead of a refulgent light—an empty shadow instead of a substantial good. The ambitious man even in his most happy moments, filled with

with the praise of others, the only incense he can enjoy, if he would consider justly, would find, that he had been so busily employed to gratify others rather than himself; and renouncing his own internal approbation for the mad applause of those whom his rational thoughts would despise.

Ambition has neither bounds nor limits, and is only just to the world in this instance, that it carries its own punishment with it; for while it plagues mankind to satisfy its voracity, it never suffers its victim to be gratified. Tantalus, up to the chin in water, yet perishing with thirst, and Ixion, fixed to a wheel, eternally tormenting him, by rolling back with redoubled fury, against all his endeavours to push it forward, are but faint emblems of misplaced ambition, which saps the foundation of all moral good,—for virtuous actions, though in their nature pure, cease to be

be so when performed by one who executes them not as virtues, but as the means of satisfying a guilty and inordinate passion.

That our hearts may ever be free from this dazzling error is sincerely to be wished; and that we may be satisfied with the situation in which Providence has placed us;— or if we strive to amend it, let it be by such means as justice will sanction and Heaven itself approve.

ON

ON COURAGE.

COURAGE in all ages has been held in the highest estimation, and was so particularly honoured by the Romans, that it obtained the distinction of being placed among the virtues. I am sorry to observe, that on the present day, as indeed in all past times, it appears not to be perfectly understood;—thoughtless temerity, fool-hardiness, and even brutal ferocity, frequently enjoying the same distinction. That cannot surely be called courage which would make a fool rush into dangers which a wiser man would avoid;

avoid;—nay, which he ought to fear, as contrary both to the laws of God and man, setting his life and that of another at the hazard, on some contemptuous occasion, as a card, a wager, a horse race, or any other trivial occurrence. Far from such actions testifying courage, they ought to mark the perpetrator with disgrace, as he must be either extremely worthless or unjust.—Surely worthless to the greatest degree, if his life is of no service to the public, to his family, or to his friends;—and in no less a degree unjust, if feeling that it can be so, he idly and wickedly robs the public, his family, or his friends of those duties which God appointed him to discharge.

True courage is not of this stamp, and justly commands all praise and honour.—It is a steady and uniform resolution, an equal frame of mind, which can, unmoved, bear all dangerous, difficult, or painful accidents

cidents that attend human life. — It is daring to suffer, rather than hazarding life and soul to revenge every wrangling word, paltry affront, or imaginary disgrace.

Military valour has ever deservedly been held in the highest esteem,—but custom and example act as its stimulants, and fame, riches, and advancement, present a promise of a noble reward; add to which, a fear of death or captivity renders courage prudent as well as honourable.

Strength of limbs have no part in courage, on the contrary, they mark cowardice where they influence a stronger man to attack a weaker;—by the same rule, duellists seldom fight on equal terms, as one may chance to fence better than the other, or be more expert in shooting at a mark.

Courage

Courage in affliction has ever been esteemed one of the highest proofs of mortal perfection, and has been the source of the greatest actions which have done honour to human nature. Hence the founders of our holy religion have not scrupled to take up the cross and follow the example of their glorious Leader,—and hence the heroes of old times, among the unenlightened nations, arrived at all their greatness.

Of this we have, in sacred history, repeated proofs,—and in profane we read, among others, that the bold and honest Priscus, being ordered by the Emperor Vespasian, on pain of death, to vote against his conscience, undauntedly refused, saying,—“Do as *you please*, I shall do as *I ought*.—It is in your power to put me to death unjustly, but it is for me to bear that death with constancy.”

How

How different is this courage from that of prize-fighters and duellists, who may truly be deemed pests of society; the first reminds us of the sanguinary and brutal actions of the Roman gladiators, in the ages of barbarism, and the latter, yet more culpable, spread ruin and desolation around them,—deprive women of their husbands, fathers of their sons, children of their parents, and yet worse than all cut off their own souls from the hopes of Heaven.—The bold unprincipled duellist rushes forward to meet his antagonist with a firm step, a heart swelling with rancour, and a voice breathing defiance not only against his enemy, but almost against God himself. Gracious Heaven! is it possible that men can thus impiously hasten to commit a premeditated murder, to spill the blood of a fellow creature, or to sacrifice their own? Yet the combat once over, and the prospect of death before them, the veil of false ho-

nour is thrown aside, and what would they not give to recal the past hour. To elucidate this truth, I shall insert a letter written by an unhappy and misguided young man, to his tender and affectionate mother, at a time that he was lingering under the tortures of a mortal wound, which he had received in a duel from a once dear friend, whom his resentment, for some trifling affront had compelled him to leave dead on the spot.

“Honoured Madam,

“HOW shall I dare to
 “address your tenderness and fond affection on this unhappy occasion; or in
 “what words can my fainting spirits tell a
 “parent, whose life I know is almost bound
 “up in mine, that by my rashness and
 “fatal folly she now receives the last duty
 “of a dying son. Oh, let it be some consolation in this misery, that she does not
 “lose

“lose the virtuous and innocent son whom
 “she doated on, but a villain—a ruffian—
 “a murderer!—Alas! my beloved mother,
 “this wicked town soon robbed me of all
 “the virtue which your pains in our peace-
 “able retirement had inculcated; and the
 “loss of that exposed me to the miseries I
 “now suffer; and the greater—infinately
 “greater, which I dread hereafter. A
 “quarrel in an hour of intoxication, made
 “me draw my sword against the man,
 “whom, of the world I most loved; and a
 “deeper sting than my own approaching
 “death is, that he died by my hand.—
 “How vain, alas! is it to me, that he was
 “the aggressor, that he called me out, and
 “that I killed him *fairly*. Oh! detestable
 “and impious word!—can it be fair to be
 “the murderer of any one, much less my
 “friend?—How much more brave should
 “I have proved myself had I parried his
 “fury with patience, and in the hour of

“ calmness led him gently to acknowledge
 “ his error.

“ Alas! repentance is too late;—in vain
 “ I recal to my memory the lessons you in-
 “ culcated in my youth, and tremble at the
 “ thought of that dread, that just tribunal, to
 “ which every drop of my wasting blood hur-
 “ ries me one step nearer. In vain has reli-
 “ gion and reflection been banished from my
 “ thoughts by the dissipations in which I
 “ have been engaged; they now return in
 “ all their strength, but not as guides and
 “ comforters as they formerly were, but as
 “ accusers and inexorable judges. Men
 “ may live thoughtless, but I feel that none
 “ can die so—none can disregard the awe-
 “ ful and important moment that is just
 “ rushing on them. Oh, how shall I an-
 “ swer having thrown away my soul, the
 “ inestimable gift of my Creator? Truth,
 “ now too late, meets my wild thoughts in
 “ all

"all the terrors of conviction; and I feel,
 "though I shudder with horror at the
 "recollection, that in a very few short
 "hours I must appear before that great
 "Judge who has made self murder the
 "most heinous of all human crimes.—And
 "what is my death but self-murder?—It
 "is true I did not raise the sword against
 "my own breast, but I provoked that
 "sword, and sought that death, which
 "virtue should have taught me to avoid;
 "and when I revolve, and remember that
 "I have not only my own, but my friend's
 "death to answer for, that I have plunged
 "not only my own soul, but his, into an
 "unprepared eternity, what must be the
 "terror of my sentence?

"I would say more—much more, but
 "nature, worn with agony and pain, the
 "lightest of its evils, denies me power.—
 "Be comforted, my dear parent, in that I
 K 3 " have

" have merited the death I meet; and,
 " though I have not deserved it of you,
 " yet pray for me, and supplicate before
 " the throne of mercy, that my death may
 " be my only punishment—and that the
 " gay and thoughtless part of mankind may
 " take example from the fate of your lost
 " and despairing son, is the last prayer of

" &c. &c. &c."

From such feelings at the hour of death
 may Heaven in mercy preserve us, and may
 our lives be such that we may be enabled
 to say:—

" At thy good time

Let death approach; I reckon not—let him but come
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
 Too much for man to bear. O! rather lend
 Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
 And at that hour when all aghast I stand
 (A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
 On this world's brink, and look into the next;

When

When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
 Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
 To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
 From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
 And all the lovely relatives of life,
 Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
 The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
 In all their hideous forms then starting up,
 Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
 And stab my bleeding heart with two edg'd torture,
 Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
 Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead
 Let cheerful memory, from her purest cells,
 Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
 Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
 With ten-fold usury the pious care,
 And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
 Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
 Whom soft-ey'd pity once led down from Heaven,
 To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
 And oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
 Disdain not Thou to smoothe the restless bed
 Of sickness and of pain. Forgive the tear
 That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears,
 Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,

Till my wrapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumbering clay,
And on the wings of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into liberty, and light, and life."

PORTERUS.

ON

ON AVARICE AND PRODIGALITY.

THE avaricious man is an enemy to all mankind, and equally so to himself; he turns aside from poverty, and stifles all the genuine sentiments of humanity, sooner than part with his beloved gold. He lives abstemiously, not from principle but meanness, and even neglects cleanliness, because it is attended with some expence. Alone, as it were, in the world, he is interested for no one, nor is any

K. 5. person

person interested for him. In the midst of affluence he is in want, his body shivers at every blast, his craving appetite demands food which he has not the heart to purchase ;—in every noise he dreads a thief, regardless that he himself is the greatest robber, who deprives not only his fellow creatures of the claim they have on his humanity, but also his own body of necessary cloathing, and his stomach of wholesome food. If he be honest 'tis next to a wonder, for in his eagerness to grasp all, how frequently may temptation carry him beyond rectitude?

Thus age creeps on, 'till at length the hour of death approaches; but even yet he grasps to increase his store, for strong habits are not easily to be shaken off.—In his sickness no one will attend him from affection, and even bodily suffering will not
open

open his heart or his purse strings. The gold for which he has forsaken all mankind, still clings to him; and after depriving him of every worldly comfort, 'tis well if it does not yet cost him a greater sacrifice—everlasting happiness.

At length the curtain drops; and his eyes lose sight of their darling object, though his clenched hands appear still to grasp it. His barred doors are thrown open, his rusty bolts are torn off, his padlocks are broken, his iron chests are forced, his bags are emptied, and with a light heart and chearful countenance, his heir enters on his possessions. That heir to whom, when living, he denied bread, and who, perhaps uneducated and unfeeling, bound by no tie of gratitude or affection, has long anxiously waited for his death.—Consider him ransacking his predecessor's hoards,

hoards, exploring every corner, laughing at his miserly precautions, throwing aside his rags with contempt, and finally ordering, as the most disgusting of all intruders, his spare and care-worn body to be concealed in the earth as speedily as possible; although he can scarcely forbear the remark (which Nero made on his mother) that he never before thought him so handsome as he appears now dead.

Notwithstanding what I have said, I do not mean to infer that avarice is always carried to such extremes, though the first steps in error once overcome, the propensity daily strengthens, and contracting and hardening the heart, no one can say where the evil will stop;—guard, therefore, against the advances of this passion, and endeavour to pursue the prudent midway between avarice and profusion.

To

To continue the subject.—The unprincipled heir seizes all,—he assumes his sables as a robe of triumph, and marks his duty to his predecessor (or rather his own pride) by a sumptuous funeral; at which even the very horses sweat under the weight of velvet and plumes, as they drag the poor wretched body, which living shuddered in the keenest weather for need of proper cloathing.

Careful to secure him, as he was heretofore to secure his darling gold, his heir causes him to be soldered in lead, and entombed in ponderous marble; on the outside of which he employs the sculptor to carve some symbolic virtue, or rather perhaps engages some hireling to compose a pompous epitaph, and a list of great qualifications, to engrave over the dust of a wretched sinner who possessed not a single virtue,

The

The ceremony over, behold the rich heir, unacquainted with the *real worth* of what he possesses, rushing into every dissipation and folly. Such immense sums as he possesses he thinks can never be expended; he purchases land, he builds magnificent houses, lays out extensive gardens, prides himself on the number and elegance of his carriages—his horses are the finest in the kingdom, he keeps a sumptuous table, and outstrips all his competitors in luxury and extravagance. The delicacies of his own country, and the forced rarities of the hot-house fade upon his palate, and the most expensive sauces and foreign wines are necessary to quicken his vitiated appetite. Dissipation and luxury at length ruin his health, his race horses lose the enormous sums he lavishes upon their success, he gambles deeply, his ready money in time becomes expended, his estate is mortgaged, but his profusion, to the extent
of

of his power, still continues; till, at length, bankrupt in fame, health, and fortune, he is forced to relinquish those vanities in which all his enjoyments were centred, and shudder in poverty and want almost equal to the voluntary wretchedness of his predecessor, of whose riches he has made so unworthy a use. His death is equally miserable; no one has reason to mourn his fall, for he was a friend to none, and sought only his own gratification—and as he lived unhonoured, so he dies unlamented.—Those who should have inherited his wealth, detest his memory, and execrating his extravagance, barely allow the poorest means of concealing his late pampered body, which decays without even a single stone, or grassy hillock to mark where it lies.

ON

ON INDUSTRY AND PRUDENCE.

"The bread gained by industry is the sweetest because it is eaten with satisfaction."

MEN have heretofore been said to possess the art of making gold, and with justice; not however by any pretended secret in chemistry, but simply by the fruits of industry cultured by prudence.

An active and prudent man finds proper employment for every hour in the day, and has no leisure for vicious pursuits.

With

With economy he lives within the bounds of his property, and by prudence improves it;—he neither lavishes his money in extravagance, nor withholds it when necessary to be expended.—His wife honours him, he trains up his children in the way they should walk, he enriches himself by employing the industrious, and relieves the wants of his fellow creatures by their own active exertions. The sick and the needy he helps from his store, he covers the dust of the indigent father, consoles the unhappy widow, and assists her to bring up her orphan children by honest industry.—No eastern magnificence dazzles the sight in his apartments, but all is arranged with the modest simplicity which virtue approves.—His gardens have no hot-house, he waits patiently till the Almighty's glorious sun ripens the fruits of the earth, and then enjoys them in thankfulness.—If he keeps

a carriage 'tis rather for use than shew ;
 and for his table, ever plentifully covered
 with plain and wholesome food, the greater
 part is the produce of his own lands, and
 the superfluities of which he regards as
 appertaining to the poor.

No race horses are pampered in his
 stables, but steeds for use, and animals for
 labour. He understands no games of
 chance or hazard, for he never had leisure
 or inclination to learn them ;—he was
 never seen to disgrace himself by being
 present at a boxing match or a cock fight,
 and would discharge the lowest of his
 domestics who should give into such
 pursuits.

No conceited coxcomical valets lounge
 in his hall, glutted with luxury and puffed
 up with pride, but plain honest domestics,
 befitting

befitting their master, and humble imitators of his virtue and benevolence.—
Of such a man how beautifully has the Psalmist expressed himself ;——

“ That man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
His house the seat of wealth shall be
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
To pity the distressed inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.
His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

Beset

Beset with threaten'g dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
 The sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust;
 Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart that's fix'd, on God relies;
 On safety's rock he sits and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies.

His hands while they his alms bestow'd
 His glory's future harvest sow'd;
 Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
 A temp'ral and eternal crown.
 The wicked shall his triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony;
 While their unrighteous hopes decay,
 And vanish with themselves away."

An indolent person cannot enjoy life,
 for sloth undermines the foundation of
 every virtue, and in their stead sows the
 seeds of guilt and sin; for vigilance once
 lulled to sleep, the soul easily falls a prey to
 error. Under the name of idleness and
 inactivity,

inactivity, I class many of those trifling means of wasting time which we frequently meet with, as passing the whole morning in receiving and paying visits of no utility, to those we neither love nor esteem, and whom, were we never to see them again, the deprivation would not cost us a sigh.—Of spending unnecessary time in dress, of wasting hours over the luxuries of the table, or loitering the evenings in frivolous company, where recapitulating the follies of the day, the fashions of the month, and the scandal of the libertine world, form the principal attraction.

Amusement is undoubtedly necessary for youth, and properly selected may be made conducive not only to health and pleasure, but improvement. A delight in youthful entertainments cannot always last; and if we do not in youth make some provision for age, cultivate some talent, enter
into

into some active pursuit, or collect some stock of knowledge, heavy and wearisome indeed must be the years of old age.

In the joyful days of youth and the height of health and strength, even trifles may please, and become interesting from the warmth of our imagination and the gaiety of our ideas; but with grey hairs come infirmities, and infirmities force reflection,—and dreary, dark, and unsubstantial is the retrospect of past pleasures, unless they are dignified by some circumstance that rendered them beneficial.

Let me therefore entreat you, my youthful readers, to imitate the bee and the ant, who in the summer provide a store for winter;—in the spring of your youth acquire a stock of knowledge and prudence to satisfy and support the autumn and winter of your age.

Observe

Observe exact order in the disposal of your time ;—devote regular hours for study, for business, for active amusement, for the duties you owe society, and most particularly for those you owe your Creator. By a proper regulation you will find constant employment, and pass your days agreeably and usefully, in a manner honourable to yourself and to the glory of God.

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